

HIDALGO



AND
HOME-LIFE
AT WEST-LAWN

PHOTOGRAPH





Ready for a ride.

HIDALGO

AND

HOME LIFE AT WEST LAWN

BY

R. A. McCRACKEN

CHICAGO:

M. A. DONOHUE & COMPANY

407-429 DEARBORN STREET

Copyright 1904
By R. A. McCracken

917.730441

Ill. H't. Surveys

M 137L

STORIES AND INCIDENTS.

| | PAGE. |
|--|-------|
| Hidalgo | 13 |
| Lesson of Cheerful Obedience..... | 16 |
| Howard, Ruth and Wendell | 19 |
| Description of Prairie Country. | 20 |
| Camping at the Arch | 24 |
| Hidalgo Turned Loose. | 39 |
| Upset with the Cart..... | 43 |
| Howard's Idea of the Temperance Question | 44 |
| Stories Concerning Ruth. | 45 |
| Stories Concerning Wendell | 46 |
| The Story of the Pearl. | 46 |
| Playing Marbles for Keeps | 47 |
| Hidalgo's Accomplishments..... | 55 |
| Sancho and Ponto | 56 |
| The Wolf Hunt. | 57 |
| The Deer, Coon and other Pets | 59 |
| Sand Hill Cranes..... | 62 |
| Hidalgo Trained to Trot..... | 64 |
| What Hildago Likes to Eat | 65 |
| Lesson Concerning the Use of Money | 66 |
| Driving Trip Through Indiana..... | 69 |
| The Snake in the Bird's Nest..... | 70 |
| The Dredge Ditcher. | 73 |
| Trip to Wenona and Starved Rock..... | 83 |
| Trip to La Fayette, Monon and Winnamac | 101 |
| Battle of Tippecanoe | 102 |
| Wading the Tippecanoe..... | 113 |
| Horse Thieves..... | 113 |
| Explanation as to States, Counties, Etc | 126 |
| Ground Squirrel Hibernating..... | 132 |

| | |
|--|-----|
| Howard's First Shot Gun | 138 |
| How Papa Shot the Prairie Chickens..... | 139 |
| Sleigh Riding with Hidalgo..... | 145 |
| Rules for Grown People as Well as Children | 146 |
| The Dead Cat Story..... | 149 |
| Regular Duties for Children..... | 151 |
| The Log Cabin | 153 |
| The Camp Dinner..... | 156 |
| Indians in Our Back Yard | 160 |
| West Lawn Bird Protective Association. | 163 |
| Friendship of Billy and Shep | 164 |
| Wendell's Experience with the Pulley..... | 175 |
| Ruth's Hunting Trip | 176 |
| Teaching the Parts of a Section of Land..... | 180 |
| Rally Day at Paxton. | 182 |
| Stories Told in the Log Cabin..... | 185 |
| Milwaukee. | 195 |
| Paw Paw Lake..... | 201 |
| The Furnishing of the Log Cabin. | 207 |
| The Fire..... | 214 |

ILLUSTRATIONS.

| | PAGE. |
|--|---------------|
| Ready for a Ride..... | Frontispiece. |
| Ruth..... | 17 |
| Wendell with Hidalgo..... | 21 |
| The Arch..... | 25 |
| The Wabash River..... | 27 |
| The Bridge Above the Spring..... | 31 |
| Camp at the Arch..... | 33 |
| Going into Attica..... | 37 |
| Hidalgo Turned Loose..... | 41 |
| Come, Hidalgo..... | 49 |
| The Box Tipped..... | 51 |
| All Right Now..... | 53 |
| The Dredge Ditcher..... | 71 |
| The Picnic at Wenona..... | 77 |
| Uncle Ruben and His Chickens..... | 79 |
| Ruth and Cousin Horace..... | 81 |
| The Old Mill..... | 85 |
| The Flowing Well at Deer Park..... | 87 |
| Starved Rock from a Distance..... | 89 |
| Starved Rock..... | 91 |
| The Pulpit..... | 93 |
| A Canyon near Starved Rock..... | 95 |
| A Canyon near the Rock..... | 97 |
| A Canyon near Starved Rock..... | 99 |
| Tippecanoe Battle Ground..... | 103 |
| Tippecanoe River..... | 107 |
| Picnic Grounds at Winnamac..... | 111 |
| The Old Swimming Hole near Winnamac..... | 115 |
| Park at Winnamac..... | 119 |
| Bridge over Tippecanoe River..... | 123 |

| | |
|--|-----|
| This is Where I got a Fall. | 127 |
| Threshing Oats. | 143 |
| Hidalgo and the Thirteen Children | 147 |
| The Camp Dinner..... | 157 |
| Show Day at Paxton | 161 |
| Noma and Straud with Dewey. | 165 |
| Ruth and Old Ned | 169 |
| Harry and Lileth | 173 |
| Harvesting at Uncle John's | 177 |
| Rally Day at Paxton. | 183 |
| Our New Church..... | 187 |
| The Organ in Our Church | 189 |
| Paw Paw Lake..... | 197 |
| Cottages at Paw Paw Lake. | 199 |
| Paw Paw River..... | 203 |
| Old Bridge over Paw Paw River | 205 |
| Sailing on Paw Paw Lake | 209 |
| Looking across Paw Paw Lake..... | 211 |
| Before the Fire | 215 |
| After the Fire..... | 219 |

PREFACE.

This little book is a boy's story which girls as well as boys will enjoy. Although the boy who actually wrote the story may have passed many milestones, he is still a boy in his interests and sympathies and expresses himself as a wholesome boy would.

The tone of the book is thoroughly healthful. The simple story of a beautiful family life is always uplifting, and the knowledge that this is a true story will give it an added charm for some children. The happy philosophical way in which difficulties are met and overcome, the thoughtfulness of each for the others, the wise way in which the children are taught, their kindness to animals, all help to make the book a valuable and pleasant one to read at home or at school.

There is much useful information given, given too, in a simple, sensible manner. The children learn local geography as they go with this family on their long trips; they

get practical arithmetic from the frequent measurements that are given. Teachers, too, gain much, by noticing, e. g., how clear and interesting is the lesson in locating land, and how easy it is to show the workings of machinery when simple descriptions and good pictures are employed.

Lessons in right living abound throughout the book yet there are few sermons. It is what the family are, what they do rather than what they say that gives the book its high moral tone. Children, teachers, and parents will be helped by reading this simple chronicle of how one family live.

LIDA B. McMURRY.

INTRODUCTORY.

Hidalgo and Home Life at West Lawn is a true story, and every incident is within the knowledge of Howard or myself. The parts of the letter have been sent to Cousin Weir, who lives in Chicago, so there is no fiction in the book.

I have taken upon myself the most of the burden of writing, subject to the criticisms and suggestions of Howard.

He wrote the story of the Rally at Paxton and the running broncho and this story remains word for word as first written.

I first prepared the little book merely to preserve the stories and sayings of my children. Since then, however, with the assistance of Mrs. Lida B. McMurry and other prominent educators, I have revised it, hoping that it may be of use in the home and in the school.

R. A. McCracken.

Paxton, Illinois.

PART I.

PAXTON, ILLINOIS, January 1, 1900.

Master Weir McCracken, Chicago, Illinois.

DEAR COUSIN WEIR:—I am going to write a letter to you. Papa says he will help me, so it may be a pretty long letter. I will send part of it to you each week, until it is finished. I thought of calling my letter “The Story of Hidalgo,” but as it is about us, too, I will name it “Hidalgo and Home Life at West Lawn.”.

Hĩ-dǎl'gō is our horse. He is a dark sorrel with a white spot in his forehead. He has three white feet with stockings to match. When you see his beautiful head, small pointed ears, and large hazel eyes, you will say, “There is a good kind horse that is wide awake and smart.” He has good feet. His legs are strong and sound. He has a smooth and well made body, high shoulders and an arched neck. When he walks or trots he carries himself like a soldier. Hidalgo has a mustache almost like a man's mus-

tache. It parts in the middle and grows to be quite long at times. If he did not do so much eating it would stay long. They say that a mustache is a sign of a good horse.

Hidalgo will be eleven years old the 21st day of April, 1900: Papa bought him of Uncle Dave when he was a year and a half old. Papa rode horseback and led Hidalgo to see how he could travel, and he trotted so fast and looked so handsome that Papa said, "This is the colt I want to raise for my family horse."

PART II.

Papa brought Hidalgo home in the spring, when he was two years old, and got a man to break him. We commenced to drive him to the top buggy that summer. He has been our driving horse ever since.

We call him "Hi" except when we scold him, and then we say Hidalgo—then he minds, because he knows we are scolding him. But he gets few scoldings and no whippings, because he is so well behaved. The man who broke him did not use the whip and we have not used it except to touch him with it sometimes to hustle him. Hidalgo is not a lazy horse. When a horse is traveling or working it is not nearly so hard on him if he is good natured and willing. Some horses are so mean tempered that they keep the driver cross all the time. Very few men will abuse a kind horse. The mean tempered horse has to work just the same. Nobody likes him and he doesn't have a good time at all. Everybody that knows Hi-

dalgo likes him. Papa says it is the same with us—work is easier and sooner done if we go about it willingly and cheerfully.

When Papa began to drive Hidalgo to the top buggy he thought it best to use a “kicking strap.” This is a strap placed over the hips and buckled to the shafts on each side. It was used on him for some time. Mama drove him often while they used this strap on him, and the men said, “What! a woman drive a colt that has to wear a kicking strap? She will get killed.” Mama said that Hi did not mean to do any harm but he might get into trouble while playing. They quit using a kicking strap on him by and by, but Hi never quit playing in the harness, and sometimes when we are driving him we can see his shoes shine when he kicks up. Everybody thinks he is the safest horse in town, if he does play in the harness.

When I was a baby, Papa hitched Hi to the sleigh for the first time and put the bells on him. Mama brought me out and got into the sleigh. Papa said, “I did not want you and Howard yet: I intended driving Hi a little to see how he liked the sleigh and bells.” Mama said, “O, Hi will behave,”



Ruth.

and he did; he did not frighten at all. He knows that Papa would not do anything wrong to him so he never makes a fuss.

Hidalgo is older than I am. I was nine years old Christmas: Ruth was seven Christmas, and Wendell was five last May. Ruth said to Aunt Margaret, "Howard and I are Christmas gifts, and Wendell, he's a May basket."

You would be surprised to see how Wendell has grown. He is as tall as Ruth and very strong. His hair is getting darker till it is as brown as mine. His cheeks are as rosy and smooth as a girl's but he has some birds' egg speckles or freckles over his nose. Ruth is big enough for her age but boys grow faster than girls do. She is as light on her feet as a kitten and she can run as fast as the boys when we play "Tally-I-O." Her hair is golden brown now and there is plenty of it. We have a picture of her when she was little. Ruth says, "That was when I was a bald-headed baby." She did not have much hair at that time and what there was of it was light colored. Ruth's and Wendell's eyes are blue; mine are brown or hazel. Wendell is heavier set

than I am but I have more muscle than he has. I suppose it is because I am older than he is. I can chin a pole twelve times and I can climb a rope better than most of the boys. We children are all healthy. We are out of doors so much and we take so many trips into the country with Papa and Mama that it keeps us well and strong.

We live in a prairie country. When Grandpa and his family moved to this place they could ride in any direction across the prairie. There were no trees except along the creek. There are no hills or hollows and no rivers near us. You would have to go several miles to find a hill steep enough to coast down. The land is not level. It is rolling, as we call it, and stretches away in all directions like a great meadow. When they made the prairie into farms they set out trees about the houses and planted hedge for fences. The trees are large now. The hedge, or Osage Orange, is a tree that has sharp thorns on it. They set the young hedge plants quite close together in a row. When the hedge grows up strong it is trimmed even and nice and it is kept about



Wendell with Hidalgo.

four feet high. In the summer when the leaves are on the trees and hedges, and the corn, oats and hay are growing the country looks very pretty.

I suppose that our prairie country would look strange to people who live among the hills. We like to go where we can see the hills—I have never seen a mountain, though.

When Papa was a little boy the town cows were allowed to run out on the prairie. In the evening the boys would go out on horseback to drive them home. One evening the boys found a prairie chicken's nest and stopped their horses to look at it. Papa's horse whirled around and kicked at the horse next him. One foot hit the leg of the boy who was riding the horse and hurt him badly.

PART III.

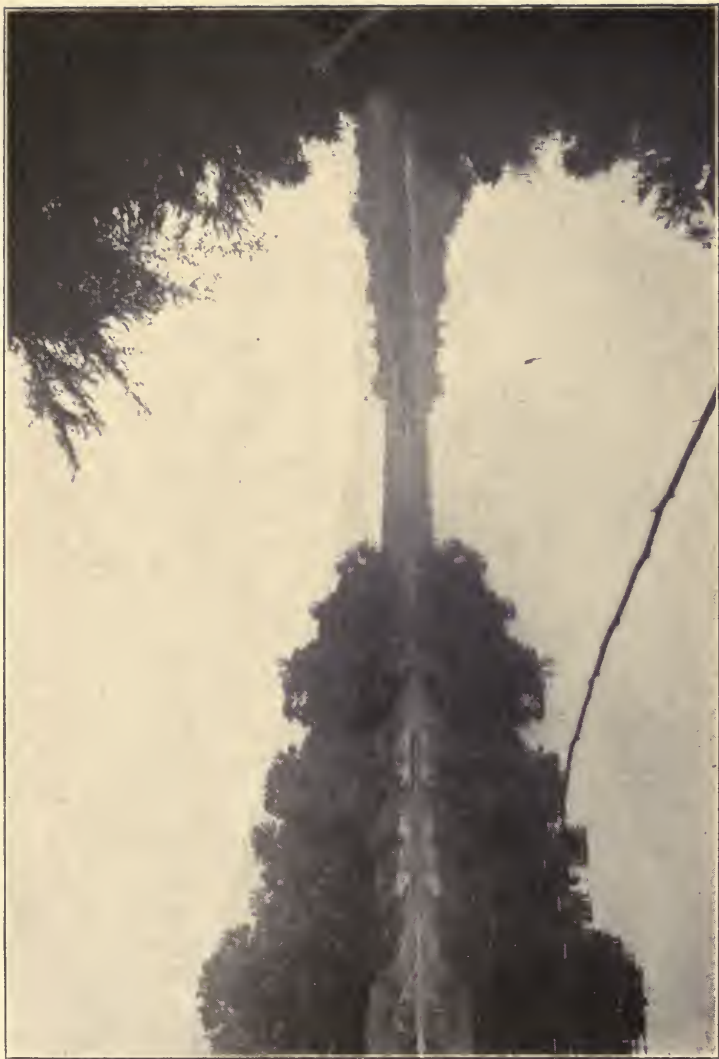
When Hidalgo was three years old, Papa had him trained on the race track, to see if he could trot fast, but he could not go very fast then. Mama said, "He is too good a horse to go on the track;" the driver said, "He is too good a horse to drive to a surrey."

That summer we drove about sixty-five miles southeast to the "Arch" and camped out for about a week. The "Arch" is nearly like a bridge. Two creeks come together just before they get to the Wabash River. This makes a sharp point of land or rock. The water wore its way through this point of rock from one creek into the other. The point of rock looks like the end of a steamboat and the "Arch" looks like a hole through the boat.

We have about twenty-five pictures that were taken while we were on that trip. I was very young then but the pictures make it seem as if I remember it all. There were



The Arch.



The Wabash River.

eighteen of us. We had three carriages and a wagon. Three boys rode in the wagon which had in it our tents and the things for us to eat. We started at 4 o'clock in the morning and drove fourteen miles east before breakfast. I have been past there many times since and I know the place very well. We started again and drove until dinner time. It was so hot we did not get along very fast. We had twenty-five or thirty miles to drive after dinner, so we began to hurry. A bridge was broken and we had to go out of our way to get around it. The people began to tell us all kinds of stories as to how far we were from the "Arch." One man said we had just eighteen miles to travel, and after we had traveled a long way another man said it was just twenty-one miles, and by and by we had fifteen miles to travel, but the next man said it was nineteen miles to the "Arch" and everybody told us just to follow the straight road, but a "straight road," in some parts of Indiana, is more crooked than a rail fence. Everybody is kind and obliging in Indiana, though. We have traveled hundreds of miles in that state and no one has ever said a mean word to us or

refused to let us have horse feed or to keep us over night. They are kind to people about them and kind to strangers. If you stop at the door of either rich or poor, they will make you welcome and give you the best they have and if you get them to take any pay for it, you will have to leave the money where they will find it after you have gone. In the evening just about dark we came to the Wabash River at the ferry, southeast of West Lebanon, Indiana. Mama says that where we went through the high horse weeds before we crossed the river was the most lonesome place she ever saw. We drove down the steep bank and onto the ferry boat. The ferry boat is fastened to a pulley running on a big wire rope that is stretched across the river. By holding the rudder so the boat will not be pointing quite straight across the river, the running water pushes it across. It was so dark when we got to our camping ground that the men could not set up the tents, so we slept at Mr. Watt's house, and because they did not have beds enough for all, they made beds on the floor for some of us. Everybody felt blue. No one in the crowd had ever been to the



The Bridge Above the Spring.



Camp at the Arch.

“Arch” except Papa. He thought they would all be satisfied in the morning, and they were. When Georgia got up and went out of doors she came back, saying, “I have seen the big ditch.” She had looked down into the stream, the banks of which are one hundred and fifty feet high in some places. In the morning we crossed to the point of land between the streams, set up our tents, and sent after a load of straw to make our beds. Everybody was happy and everybody was hungry and thirsty all the time. We could draw water out of a spring from the top of a little foot bridge. We took a drink every time we went over the bridge. We stayed there a week and walked over the hills and down in the creek bottoms which only had a little water in them. We fished in the Wabash River and rowed boats and took carriage drives through the country. When we started for home we drove east through a little town called Rob Roy, and north through Attica, Indiana, and stopped for dinner at the Indiana Mineral Springs. Sick folks go to these springs to drink the water and take mud baths. At night we camped southeast of Boswell, Indiana. A

man kindly told us to drive in to his timber lot, in which was a straw stack. Here we filled our bed ticks with straw. He showed us plenty of wood already cut and told us to use all we wanted for our camp fire. Mama went into the house and baked biscuits, because we did not have enough bread. After supper we sat around the bright camp fire and told stories and sang songs until it was late. The next day we camped in the Hoopeston fair grounds for dinner and by 4 o'clock in the afternoon we were home. The weather had been pleasant and everybody had enjoyed the trip.



Going into Attica.

PART IV.

When Hidalgo was four years old Papa began to leave him without being tied to the hitching post. He would drive him around in front of the house and turn him loose to eat grass, while he went into the house to get ready to go downtown. Sometimes Hi would be loose for an hour or two with no one to watch him. He would back up, turn around, and go where he pleased. He never got caught or upset the buggy. We have turned him loose ever since in this way.

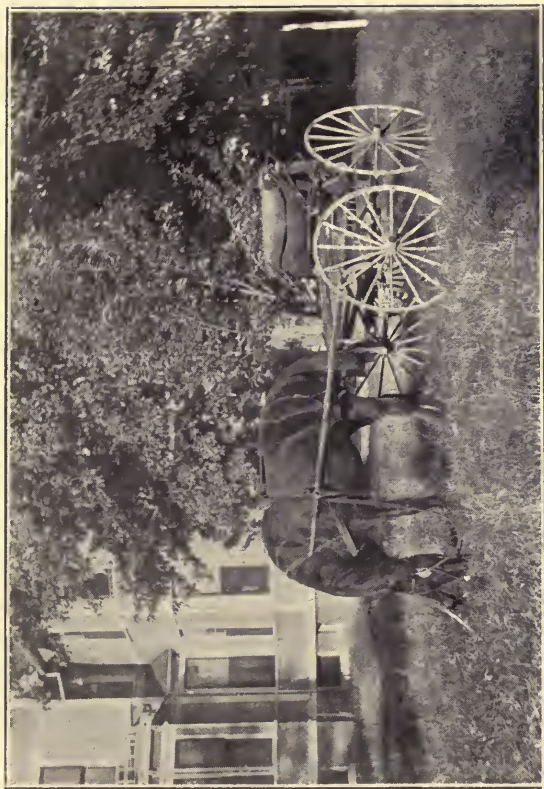
We do not use blind bridles on him. This makes him a safer horse. When a horse is prevented by his blind bridle from seeing plainly a strange object which he must pass, he becomes frightened.

One time Hi was loose with the buggy. Another horse came running past him. Hi jumped and ran about twenty steps. After he saw what it was he stopped, but if he had had blinds on he might have been running yet, thinking that something dreadful was

after him. Once a dog chased a cow past a horse having on a blind bridle. The horse jumped forward, broke the tugs and hold-back straps and got out of the shafts. Then he turned around and looked to see what had frightened him. He seemed to think it queer that it was only a cow and a dog. He imagined it to be at least a bear or an elephant. The man took his knife and cut the blinds off right there.

One time we hitched Hi to the sleigh, put the bells on, and tied him in the buggy shed. When we came out to go down town, there was nothing to be seen but the buggy shed and the sleigh tracks. We were just a little bit uneasy and followed the tracks till we found Hi pawing the snow away to get some grass. Hidalgo used to get out of the stable quite often. We never found any sure way of keeping him in his box stall till this winter, for he can loose a hook, a snap hook and a snap and untie almost any thing.

When the door is hooked on the other side he jars it with his front foot until the hook jumps up and lets him out, and even when you put a nail above the hook it will not al-



Hidalgo Turned Loose.

ways keep him in, for he springs the door until it comes open. We fixed the door to the stall by putting a bar on the outside and dropping it into the notches. But the door between his stall and the next one has never been fastened to stay. We tied it with a rope and tried a wire and everything we could think of, and it was all the same. We would do it and Hi would un-do it. We put a hook low down on the other side of the door where we thought Hi couldn't find it if he could reach it, and where he couldn't reach it if he could find it; but he found it and reached it and had the door open before we were out of the stall.

When I was two years old and Ruth was a baby, Papa and Mama went with us out to Grandpa's. It was so muddy that we rode in the cart. When we came into town in the evening it was very dark. The electric street lights blinded Papa so that he drove one wheel up on a bank of dirt. The cart upset. This upset Hidalgo and we all fell in the mud. Papa was on the down side and he tossed Mama over him as we went down and she lost Ruth in the blankets. Before Papa could get up Mama was pulling at the

blankets to find Ruth. I don't know about me, but I guess I was all right, for it did not hurt any of us. A man saw us tumble and came to help us. They had to take off every bit of Hi's harness, before he could get up. Hi did not struggle. They hitched him up again and we got home all right.

Papa says that he will tell me some stories to put in my letter but that I must tell some stories about myself as well as about other people.

One time I asked Papa what cats were for, and he said to catch mice; after a little I asked him what mice were for, and he said they were for the cats to eat. Then I asked him of what use are cats and mice? He said I suppose you think we could get along without either cats or mice? He said that there were many things that we could not understand.

There used to be a man who tied his mules on our street and left them and his dog till very late. I talked about it a great deal and wondered where the man was. Papa said, "Maybe he is in the saloon or in jail." I asked him why they let them sell the man beer and then put him in jail for drinking it.

Papa told me to go and ask Grandma, for she belongs to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. This is about all the stories I know about myself: I can tell you some about Ruth and Wendell. Ruth is a good girl. When she wants anything and can't have it, she almost always gives up without making a fuss. When she was little she would say, "I would like to have it, Papa, but I won't 'cuss' about it." She couldn't say "fuss": Papa said it meant the same thing.

She says that the reason the old hen flops around after her head has been cut off is because she is hunting her head. Another time Ruth said, "Oh, Papa! I believe that spring has come: we have had three nice days in procession." When she was about four years old Papa took her with him to La Fayette. They stopped at several places looking for the son of a man who had died. After a while they went to the telephone office. Ruth said, "Papa, are you going to telephone to the man who is dead?" When she saw the girl at the telephone office with the receiver held to her ears by springs she asked, "Papa, can't the lady get loose?"

The other day Wendell saw the Dentist, and said, "There is Dr. Given, the tooth-ache man." One morning I fooled Wendell. He had cut his finger and Mama had tied it up before he went to bed. In the morning the rag was off. The cut had closed up. He said to me, "Howard, I can't find the cut." I said, "Why, Wendell, the cut is in the rag." And I almost made him believe it.

Wendell teased Mama the other day when we had company for dinner. He slyly brought up the corner of his napkin as if it were the corner of the tablecloth, wiped his mouth with it and said, "This is the way I do when we haven't company." He showed them afterwards that he was using his napkin and not the tablecloth.

The other morning, about daylight, I heard him in his sleep, smacking his lips and kissing. I called, "Papa, Wendell is kissing the pillow and thinks it is you." He has a habit of kissing Papa this way when he first wakens.

He came to Mama the other day feeling very badly because the larger boys did not want him to play with them. Mama told him that she was sorry but it could not be

helped. She said that he must not think that every unpleasant thing would do him harm. She told him a story that she had read. It was about how pearls are formed.

A grain of sand gets inside of the oyster's shell, and hurts the oyster. The oyster does not sit down and cry about it, he just puts a soft covering around the grain of sand which stops the pain and by and by when the covering hardens, it is a pearl.

Mama said that often "grains of sand" get into our lives, but instead of letting them make us cross and fretful, we should control them and learn to be patient and by and by they would be as pearls to us.

Mama then told Wendell that if he would go and ask some of the neighbor children, of his own age, to come and play with him, she would play with them and teach them some games. That made pearls out of his troubles, because we children like to have Mama in our games.

Sometimes, when the weather is bad, we coax Papa to play marbles with us in the house. When the weather is nice we play marbles at school. A great many of the boys play for keeps, but I have promised Mama

that I will not do that. She says that is the way boys commence to gamble, and that when one becomes a gambler his chance of doing much good in this world is very small.



Come, Hidalgo.



The Box Tipped.



All Right Now.

PART V. ,

When Hidalgo was five years old, Papa trained him to come under the shafts and to back into his place. Since then Papa takes hold of the point of the left shaft with his left hand, holds the shafts up, snaps his fingers and Hi comes around under the shafts and back into his place. People like to see him hitched. Harold Stevens says that Hi knows more than some people. We had him down town the other day and unhitched him to get the harness mended. As soon as he was loose he began to hunt for apples, potatoes or anything he could find in front of the grocery stores. But when Papa snapped his fingers Hi went back into the shafts. The men thought him a well trained horse.

When we are driving Hidalgo single, and he wants to stop trotting and walk awhile, he will turn his head to the right and his body to the left to tell us that he is tired and wants to slow up. When we drive him with an-

other horse he will tell us when he gets tired but he will not allow the other horse to get ahead of him.

Hidalgo can't talk but he can come very near it. He will tell us if we have forgotten to feed him. Sometimes Papa tells us to feed at the usual time, if he does not expect to get home till it is late. When Hidalgo hears Papa coming he calls to him or whinnies. One way of whinneying means "How do you do" and another way means "I want my dinner," and if it is 3 o'clock in the afternoon or 9 o'clock at night, he will tell Papa if he did not have his feed. Papa will feed him and then tell us children that we forgot to feed Hidalgo. We have never caught Hi storying about his feed.

When Papa was a boy he and his brothers had three dogs. One was named "Sancho." He was a Newfoundland dog. He was black and had long hair. The other two were bird dogs. One was a brown Pointer called "Ponto." The other was a white setter.

Sancho and Ponto were good watch dogs. They slept in the store and people could walk along the sidewalk all through the night and the dogs would not care. But if anyone came

to the door they would bark. If Papa left the store the dogs barked if anyone came to the door, but they were not cross dogs. Sancho made friends with the old cat that kept her kittens in the closet at the store. He would lie near the kittens and watch every move they made. He would not allow any stranger to touch the kittens. One day he carried a kitten out of doors, but he did not hurt it at all.

Sancho and Ponto hunted rabbits together. One time Sancho was close upon a rabbit, inside a board fence. Ponto was keeping up on the other side. The rabbit thought it had better get through the fence to get away from Sancho. Ponto caught it as it came through. Sancho caught it too and said, "Let go of my rabbit. I chased it and I caught it." Ponto said, "It is not your rabbit. I caught it as it came under the fence when it was getting away from you."

One time when Papa was a boy, he and several other boys took the dogs and went to hunt wolves. They came to where some boys were chasing rabbits on a big pond that was frozen over and had tall grass in it. They started Sancho and Ponto after the

rabbits and followed on their horses. The other boys said, "Your dogs can't catch rabbits. They go right through the grass after them and can't run fast enough that way." But Papa told them to wait and see. The other dogs jumped high when they ran after a rabbit and so lost sight of it. Pretty soon Sancho and Ponto showed them that they could catch more rabbits than the other dogs. That evening they chased two wolves but could not catch them. The wolves could run faster, in the snow, than the horses, and the horses could run faster than the dogs. They chased wolves a good many times after that, but never caught any.

One time Papa shot a wolf with a double-barreled shot gun. He and some other boys were hunting prairie chickens. They had a team of horses hitched to a light wagon. They drove across the prairie letting the dogs hunt. As soon as the dogs began to trail chickens one boy would drive the team and the rest followed the dogs and shot chickens. In the evening they saw, away across the prairie, a wolf. Papa told the boys that if they would drive toward the wolf he would try to get a shot at it. They

drove up close enough so that Papa shot the wolf, but the firing of the gun, out of the wagon, frightened the horses. They jumped and broke the neck yoke which let the wagon tongue down. Then the horses ran and pulled the tongue into the ground. The wagon went up into the air. Papa jumped and came to the ground on his knees. He held his gun, though, so that it did not go off, although the other hammer of the gun was up. The horses ran away and the boys had to walk about four miles. They found the horses at home.

When Papa was a boy he tried to make pets of two young wolves, but he could not tame them. They were the crossdest things you ever saw and had all kinds of smell about them. One got out and killed about two hundred tame chickens before they succeeded in shooting it.

Pets are nice if they are tame. We tried to tame a prairie chicken once but you cannot tame them either. When you find a prairie chicken's nest where only half of the little chickens are out of their shells, the old hen starts off as if she had a broken wing. She wants to make you chase her, to

get you away from her nest, but you cannot catch her, and the little chickens will be hidden in the grass before you can pick one up. They are wild from the time they get out of the shell.

We had a pet coon one time that could crack hickory nuts. He could also catch chickens. One day we saw him catch a chicken with his back paw as easily as he could have done it with his front paw. His chain was too short and so he just reached out and caught that chicken with his hind paw. Their paws are nearly the shape of a person's hand. We gave the coon away. Some dogs killed it not long afterwards. A coon is a good fighter and can whip most dogs.

When Uncle Dave lived on the farm he had fine horses, hogs, sheep and cattle. He had small yellow cows, called Jersey cows. The calves were as pretty as deer. He had some deer too. There were two old deer and a little spotted fawn. They were the Western or White tailed deer. He kept them in a lot or park between the house and the road where there were nice shade trees and grass. Deer do not become very tame but these deer

would eat oats out of your hand. You ought to see deer run. They gather their legs close up under them when they leap, and each time they touch the ground they jump again as if they were on springs. When they are at full speed they jump twenty to thirty feet each time.

Uncle Dave's deer, in playing, would jump seven feet high. The fence around the park was only six and a half feet high but they did not jump out. Deer will eat the leaves off the trees as high as they can reach and by standing on their hind feet they can reach as high as a man can.

One time my Papa and your Papa had four wild geese. They let them run loose around town. The old gander was very cross. He would hurt children. They also had a brant (a brant is nearly like a wild goose), a snipe and a Sand Hill crane. One evening a man said that he had seen a crane flying over town very low. Papa said, "I believe it was mine," and so it was. Its wings had gotten well and it flew away. Papa had a young Sand Hill crane and it followed at his heels so closely that it died from too much tramping on.

A Sand Hill crane builds her nest in a pond where there are plenty of rushes and builds it so high that she can stand in the water astride of the nest, because she cannot coil up her legs. She lays two eggs that are larger than goose eggs. I have never seen a crane's nest but Papa has. I know of several kinds of cranes.

There is a small blue crane and a white crane and sometimes we see, away up in the sky almost out of sight, a large white crane which has black spots on its wings. We have never seen them close to the ground. When Uncle Dave was coming home with his first shot gun he shot at one of these cranes. The crane was only about half a mile from the earth.

The Sand Hill Cranes are light colored, and have bodies as large as a Thanksgiving turkey, with legs and neck nearly twice as long as a turkey's. They are very fine eating. Papa has shot quite a number of them. They used to be very plentiful here. He saw a flock once that covered the prairie like sheep as far as he could see. He could not get close enough to shoot any of them. When he shot at them the nearest ones flew a little way then lit again.

Sand Hill Cranes play games. They hop, skip and jump like a lot of boys. Boys cannot jump as cranes jump though, for the cranes jump over each other without using their wings. The whole flock take part in the play.

When Sand Hill Cranes are on the ground it is hard for them to get on the wing. They will run as fast as they can and then start their wings to working. Sometimes the hunters will ride horseback. When they see the cranes are about to fly they run their horses towards them and in this way get within gun shot before the cranes can get into swift motion.

Sand Hill Cranes fly high in circles as the white and black cranes do. You can hear them calling some time before you see where they are. They rise higher and higher, while circling, till they are out of sight.

It is only when the sky is its bluest and all the world is asleep in the daytime that you can see the cranes circling in the sky. Their far-away calling makes everything seem more quiet.

PART VI.

When Hidalgo was six years old Papa asked the trainer to take him again and train him to trot faster. The training made him a great deal better horse for he got so he could trot faster than any horse about here and it made him so steady that we could race him, on the road, with any horse and he would not break from the trot. I believe that Hidalgo would race with a fire engine and not break. Most horses, even if they are fast on a race track, get excited when raced on the roads and will break into a gallop.

One time Papa and we three children were coming in from the country. We were in the old buggy. A young man came up behind us with a pretty good horse. There were two tracks so he came alongside of us. We started to race with him. Hidalgo was soon ahead, but because we were holding him in and because there was no keeper on one end of the single-tree, Hi's tug came loose. Papa said, "Hold on, Mister, my tug is off.

Wait till I fix it and I will give you a race.” But the man did not hold on, he just kept going. We couldn’t catch up with him before he got to town. Ruth and Wendell were on their knees holding to the dashboard. Ruth said, “O, my! wasn’t that too bad! That was such a nice horse and we would have had a nice race if the tug hadn’t come off.”

I believe that Hidalgo likes to race better than to eat, but there is nothing else ahead of eating with him. He will eat anything we eat except meat. He will eat gravy, though, and he eats pickles, apples and all kinds of fruit, peanuts, candy, bread, cookies, sweet milk, sour milk, and pancakes. When he gets out of the barn he will come to the back door to see if we have anything left from the table for him to eat. After that he will go and eat grass. When we have candy, apples or raisins about us we can hardly get him hitched up. He follows us around and begs for what we are eating. One day Papa had a piece of hoarhound candy in his mouth and Hi smelled it. He asked for some of that, even. He has not learned to drink or smoke though for he never smells whiskey or tobacco on Papa’s breath.

But Hidalgo isn't a hog if he does eat scraps from the table, for he knows when he has enough. He has never hurt himself eating. Papa says that he has thought of trying the plan of leaving the oat bin open so that he can eat whenever he is hungry like the man we heard of, who said they had only one pocketbook in their family, and each person used what money he needed from it. Papa says it is right to have our own things and our own money, but that he would rather we should learn to use our money in a right way than to save it up. He does not want us to save up our money while we are little but says that after we have commenced to earn money we can save it. He knew some children once, whose father and mother were very liberal people. The children were taught to save up money. They deposited their money in the bank and then begged candy from the other children. He is afraid those children will be misers and beggars. He says that people count what you are, and what you do, more than what you have.

When Papa was a boy he saved up three dollars and he figured for three months before the 4th of July how many bunches

of fire-crackers he could buy with it. He says that it is not good to save up money and then spend it for something that is of little use. Papa had more trouble in getting Wendell to spend his money than to get him to save it. He would not use his own money for anything. If he wanted to buy anything he would ask Papa for the money instead of using his own, but he is getting to be pretty good about it now. He is not going to be stingy.

Last summer Wendell asked how they make money. Papa told him that the Government made it, and that we worked so that we could get some of it. After awhile Wendell went to pushing a neighbor's lawn mower. Papa called to him and told him to quit, that it was too hard work for him, but Wendell kept right on. Papa called him again and said, "Wendell, quit that, it is too hard on you and there is no money in it for you." Wendell said, "I'm going to get some money from the Government." When the neighbor heard about it he gave Wendell a dime, so there was money in it after all.

Wendell and Donald play together a great deal. Donald is four years old and he lives

across the street from us. One time Donald stayed for supper with Wendell and we had ice cream which was frozen pretty hard. Donald was slow about eating his ice cream and by and by, after it began to melt he said, "I like the juice the best."

When I write again I will tell you about our trip through Indiana.

PART VII.

The summer that Hidalgo was seven years old we made quite a trip with him and another horse named Tony, through Indiana. Cousin Harry was then living near Crawfordsville. We enjoyed the whole trip but we had the best time at Cousin Harry's. While there we picked and ate grapes and peaches and ran all over the farm. Going into Crawfordsville we drove down a very steep hill. It is a beautiful, clean city, with many fine buildings. We drove past the Wabash College buildings.

Indiana has fine schools and colleges all over the state. Mama told us that Crawfordsville is the home of Lew Wallace, who wrote Ben Hur, and of Morris Thompson, who wrote so much about archery and out of door life. Indiana has many good writers.

We found some very bad roads in the northern part of Indiana. The sand, in some places, was so deep that it made the horses very tired. Sometimes the people haul

black dirt or straw and scatter it on the roads on the sand hills so that the horses and wagons will not sink into the sand. Some of the wagon wheels have tires that are six inches broad, to keep them from cutting into the sand. Indiana has many gravel roads and rock roads. They are the finest roads we ever drove over.

Earl Cannady, Wendell and I went out to Grandma's yesterday to visit Uncle Ralph. Uncle Ralph is only six months older than I am. On the road out we saw a queer sight. Four or five king birds were flying around and chirping and crying above a tree that was in the hedge fence. It was a small hedge tree that had been allowed to grow up. We wondered what could be the matter. Earl went up close to the tree and he could see a king bird's nest and about half of a snake was hanging out of the nest. The snake had climbed the tree to get the eggs or little birds. The nest was about ten feet from the ground and the tree was about three or four inches in thickness. Hedge trees have sharp thorns on them and I would not want to climb one. We threw sticks at the snake till it fell down. After we had killed it we found



The Dredge Ditcher

that it had a young bird in its mouth. Across the road from where we live a snake crawled up into the lilac bushes and ate the eggs out of a Catbird's nest. This nest was about five feet from the ground.

A few days ago we went out beyond Grandma's to see the dredge ditcher work. We tied Hidalgo to the fence and walked down to the ditch. When we were coming back to the surrey, Ruth got into a bumble-bee's nest. She fought the bumble-bees with hands and feet. Some of the bumble-bees stung her. Papa ran and picked her up. She had two or three stings in one spot. Papa thought he would try sucking the poison out as they do with snake bites. It worked all right and the pain left her right away. Papa had a bird dog once that chased bumble-bees. He said he thought the pup's success would be his greatest misfortune. If he had caught the bumble-bee it would have stung him. Papa says, a great many things are that way: we want something very much and when we get it we are sorry that we have it.

But I was going to tell you about the dredge boat. It is a covered boat and has

an engine on it. It has a great big scoop in front fastened to a long beam or arm which makes it look like a dipper. They control the scoop from the boat by chains and levers. I thought it looked like an elephant's trunk. The scoop is brought back into the bottom of the ditch close to the boat and then it goes outward and upward and fills itself with dirt; the scoop then swings around to one side and by jerking a rope the bottom is opened and the dirt falls out. The bottom of the scoop closes as it goes back after another load. The scoop holds about a wagon load of dirt. In working a dredge ditcher there must be plenty of water so that the boat can float and so the dirt will slip out of the scoop. They take the boat and engine to pieces and haul them on wagons to the upper end of the ditch they are to make and work down stream so the water will follow them. One set of men work the dredge boat in the day time and another set at night. Sometimes they work on Sundays too. I do not think that is right. The dredge boat, you see, gets no rest except when it breaks down, which it does every little while. But they have a blacksmith shop on the boat and can

mend anything that breaks. Many people went out to see it work last summer. Some of them looked prettier when they went than when they came away, because they got splashed when the dirt fell out of the scoop.



The Picnic at Wenona.



Uncle Reuben and His Chickens.



Ruth and Cousin Horace.

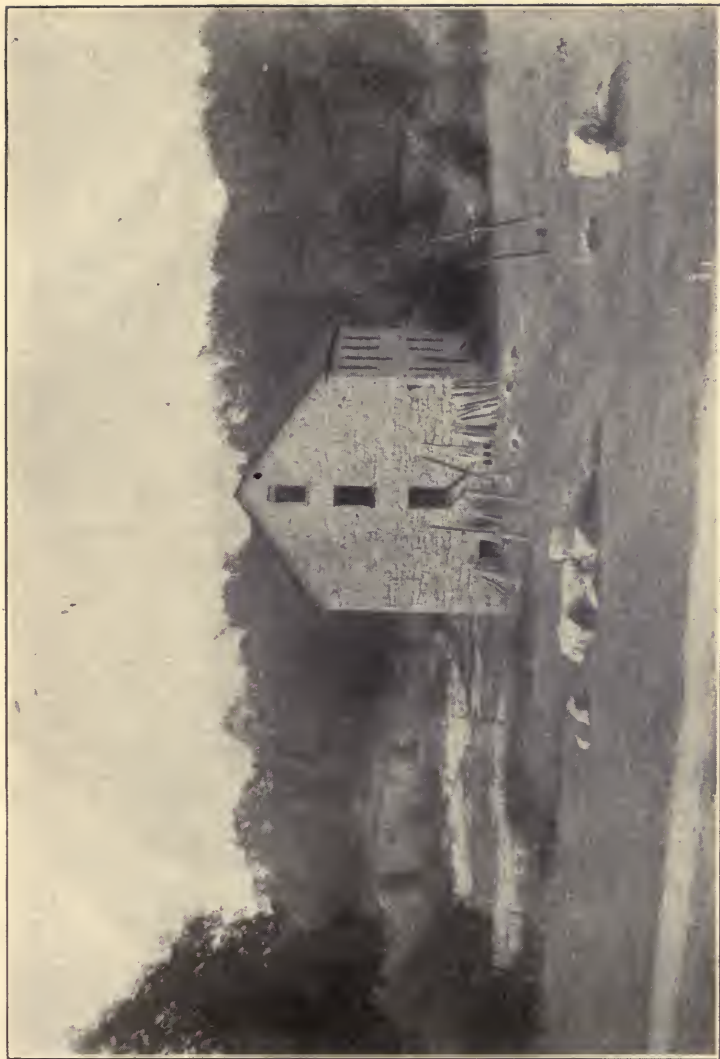
PART VIII.

The fall that Hidalgo was eight years old, we drove to Wenona, Illinois, to visit Mama's relatives and attend the family reunion. While there we drove to Deer Park and Starved Rock, which are about thirty miles northeast of Wenona. On the way we passed the old mill where Grandpa Kemp used to take his wheat to get it ground. Deer Park is a very pretty place. You drive toward it right through the prairie until you come to the timber: then you drive down and down until you come to the edge of a big ditch—a canyon they call it. The sides are rock, a hundred and fifty or two hundred feet high. There is a bridge across it. In the bottom of the canyon is a flowing well, that throws water about fifty feet high. They call it Deer Park because the first settlers used to drive the deer into the canyon and shut them in. They have a herd of deer now in the park.

Starved Rock is on the south side of the

Illinois River between La Salle and Ottawa. Three of its sides, the east, the west and the north, are as steep as the sides of a house. The top of the rock is one hundred and twenty-five feet above the river. If you drop a stone from the top of the north side it would fall into the river. On the west you look down upon a large hotel, on the east side you look down over the tree tops. We climbed up at the south side where it is not so steep. The top of the rock is about ten rods square. There is a story that a party of Illinois Indians took refuge here from some hostile Pottawatomies and the Pottawatomies guarded the south side so closely that the Illinois Indians could not get down. They ran out of food and when they let buckets down on the north side to get water the Indians below cut the ropes and kept the buckets. The Indians on the Rock starved or died of thirst.

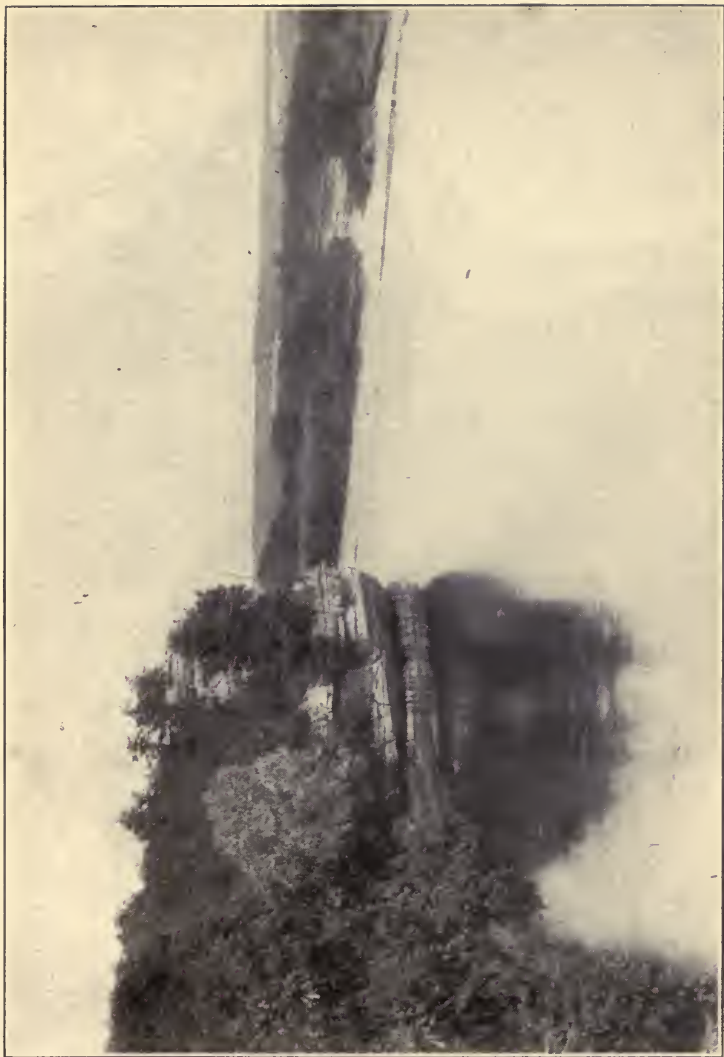
They now, sometimes, get up an Indian show, there, and act it all out. About one hundred and fifty men dress like Indians and part of them are chased up on to Starved Rock by the others. Then there is lots of yelling and shooting. I think that it would make a pretty good show.



The Old Mill.



The Flowing Well at Deer Park.



Starved Rock from a Distance.

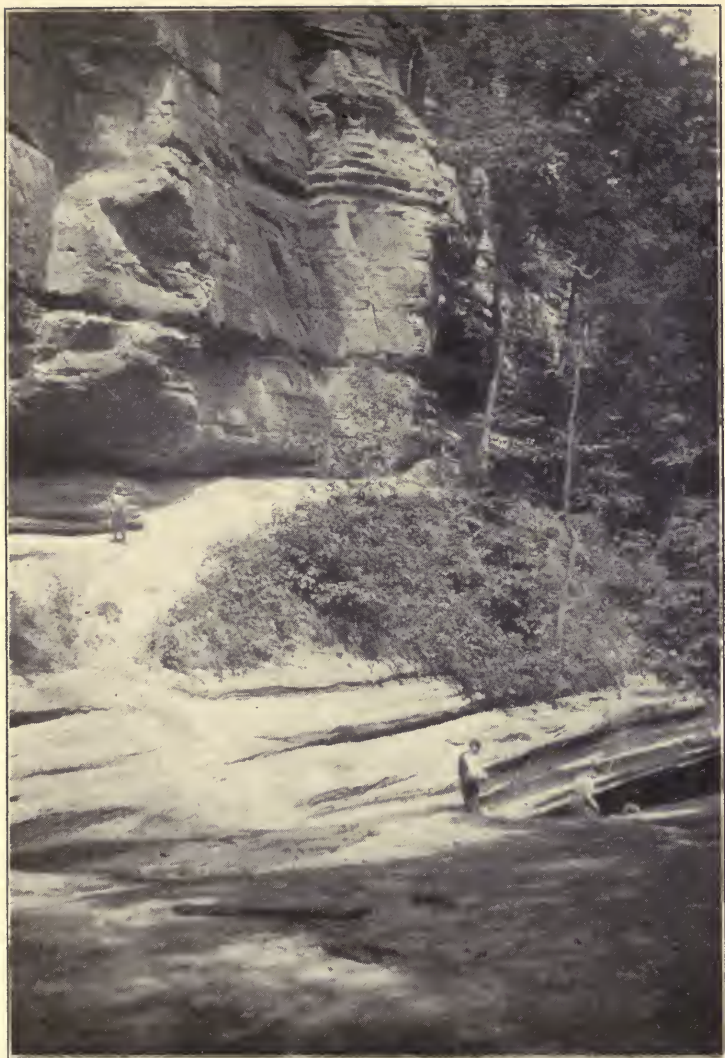




Starved Rock.



The Pulpit.



A Canyon near Starved Rock.



A Canyon near the Rock.



A Canyon near Starved Rock.

There are six or seven canyons near Starved Rock that are very much like Deer Park Canyon, and there is one high rock they call the Pulpit. It looks like the pulpits you see in some churches, only it is a great deal larger. There is a large hotel and several cottages at Starved Rock. We rented two of the cottages.

We drove about two hundred and fifty miles that trip. When we got back home Papa found that he had to go to Indiana again. He said it would be nice to drive Hidalgo and Star, and all of us go in the surrey. Of course we all said that we would go. We wrote to our friends at different places telling them the time they might expect us. We found them all expecting us and we made each place on time. We visited for a few days with friends who live thirteen miles northwest of La Fayette, Indiana. On Thursday we drove to La Fayette. La Fayette is "on the banks of the Wabash," that they sing so much about, and is a beautiful city.

The part of the city that is on the west side of the Wabash River is called West La Fayette. It is high and dry, a very pretty place, with many nice houses. There is a

college there—the Purdue University. They have street cars running to West La Fayette and on north through the hills to the Soldiers' Home. I went to the Soldiers' Home once on the electric car. It was a pleasant ride and I would like to go again.

The Wabash River flows past the Soldiers' Home, but you cannot see the Soldiers' Home from the river road. You cross "Tecumseh's Trail" near the Soldiers' Home. Tecumseh was the chief of the Indians who fought in the battle of Tippecanoe. The battle was fought November 7, 1811. The battle ground is seven miles north of La Fayette. It was a fight between the Indians and the white men. The Indians were led by "The Prophet," a brother of Tecumseh. Tecumseh was away from home and the Indians went into the fight without his knowing of it and against his wishes. The white men were led by William Henry Harrison, afterwards President of the United States.

"The Prophet" told his people that the white men's bullets would not hurt them. He did not tell them the truth for they were defeated. The white men were camped for



Tippecanoe Battle Ground.

the night on a little hill. About 4 o'clock in the morning, before it was light, the Indians tried to surprise the white men. The soldiers had guards or pickets on the lookout for the Indians. They woke the soldiers and the battle began. "The Prophet" stood at one side, where the bullets would not hit him, and sang war songs to encourage the Indians to fight. The soldiers, after a time, drove them back into the wet lands or marsh. There were about nine hundred soldiers in the fight and about the same number of Indians. The Indiana folks think that there is not enough said in the histories about the battle of Tippecanoe. They say the battle was a turning point in the history of Indiana and the country west of it. Indiana people are proud of the men who fought in the battle of Tippecanoe and have named about fifteen counties after men who were in the battle.

The ground where the battle was fought is owned by the United States Government. They have built a high iron fence around it and have a man to take care of the grounds. We have a book called, "The Battle of Tippecanoe," which we bought of the blind man

that wrote it. His name is Reed Beard. He lives at La Fayette, Indiana. There is a town on the Monon Railroad near the Tippecanoe battle ground called Battle Ground. We have some little friends who live in Battle Ground. Their names are Beulah, Wilber and Hubert Jackson. They made us a visit not long ago and we had a good time while they were here.

Friday morning we drove to Monon, which is about thirty-five miles north of La Fayette. It is prairie land until you get to Reynolds. There we struck sand that tired the horses out. It was as if they were walking in hay. But a rock road was being built which would be very fine. The rock at Monon is broken with what is called a stone crusher. It is run with an engine and will break large rocks into small pieces. The crushed stone is carried up by an elevator and dropped into wagons or railroad cars.

On Saturday we started for Winnemac, which is thirty miles northeast of Monon. We stopped on the way at one of the farms to see about the sawing of some trees into lumber, and had our dinners there. We crossed the Tippecanoe River at a place



Tippecanoe River.

where there was no bridge. People drive through the water. They call a place of that kind a ford. To get to the river we drove down the steepest hill I ever knew Papa to drive down, but there was deep sand and that held the surrey back; if it had not been for the sand I do not see how the horses could have held the surrey back.

Tippecanoe River is the prettiest river I ever saw. It flows through a hilly or broken country. There are many beautiful homes along the banks with green fields and groves. The timber is mostly hard wood. The river winds in and out through these pretty scenes till it joins the Wabash River above La Fayette. There are many springs along the Tippecanoe River which make the water very clear. We could see the bottom anywhere. We could see the fish away out in the middle of the river. Sometimes men get up into the trees, on the banks of the river, and shoot the fish. This is against the law. A man could not shoot the fish while standing on the banks because the bullets would skip along on top of the water. Did you ever throw a stone so it would skip along the top of the water? If they shoot from a tree and

the bullet strikes near a fish it will stun it so that a man who is watching can run and catch the fish. We followed along the river bank about a quarter of a mile and drove down a steep bank to the water. Star thought he would not go into the water (he was only three and a half years old), and Hidalgo seemed afraid he would catch cold if he got his feet wet; they had never been in the water. Just then a man who had waded the river helped us by leading Star into the water. After that they were not afraid.

We got to Winnemac in time for supper; when we make a long drive we watch for dinner and supper and two or three lunches besides, for it makes one hungry to travel that way.

Winnemac is on the west side of the Tippecanoe River and is a very pretty place. That part of Indiana has many little towns with now and then a nice big town. They have a flowing well down by the river. Some folks think that the water is as good for them as medicine and they say that they like to drink it. I guess that there is some doubt about that, for the water smells like bad eggs.



Picnic Grounds at Winnamac.

Monday morning we started back to Monon. When we came to the ford on the Tippecanoe River, we children wanted to wade across it. So we took off most of our clothes and Papa took off his shoes and stockings and rolled up his pantaloons—we took hold of hands as if we were going to “crack the whip” and waded in. We children could walk over the stones better than Papa because we were used to going bare-footed. The river was quite wide but the water was not more than two feet deep. Oh! but that was a pretty river, and it was fun to wade through it. Mama thought she would rather drive, so we left her in the surrey. We stopped for dinner just east of Monon, where they had promised to board us. We put our team in the barn on one of Grandpa’s farms, which is a little nearer town and back from the gravel road about a quarter of a mile. The first night we were there one of the men at the farm, where the horses were kept, was sick and came down stairs. Before going back to bed he opened the door and looked out. Just then he heard horses running. He went to see what was the matter, and found Hidalgo and Star running around with their halter straps

dragging. He found the barn door shut and made up his mind that horse thieves had been there and had been frightened away. They are used to horse thieves around there. They caught the horses and put them back in the barn and nailed the door shut. Then they kept watch until morning.

The next day when they told us about it, Papa brought the horses over to where we were boarding. He slept with one eye open that night. He thought the horse thieves might come back again.

About 2 o'clock the next morning, just before the moon went down, we heard the dogs at our house barking and the dog at the farm where our horses had been the night before, was barking too.

Papa called to the man that we were boarding with and told him he thought the horse thieves had come and to get him the gun. I was wide awake at once and told them that I wanted to see the horse thieves too.

We looked out of the window and saw a man on horseback stop in front of the house. We thought sure that he was waiting for another man to bring out our horses. Papa



The Old Swimming Hole near Winnamac.

hurried and just as he opened the door the man started his horse into a gallop.

We went to the barn and found our horses were all right. We then went to another house a little nearer town and told the man to see if his horse had been stolen. The man said that his horse was there and that he had watched the man on horseback, while he was in front of his house, and that he seemed to be waiting for some one to come from where our horses had been the night before. After awhile one of the girls where we were staying heard some one back in the field make a signal whistle; she thought he was calling the man Papa had seen. We locked our stable door and the next day we took our horses to the livery stable for safety.

That day a man came along on horseback following horse thieves. Papa told him what kind of horse the man had who was there in the night, and how its feet sounded when it galloped: something like "tick tackle, tick tackle." "Yes," said the man, "that was my horse. He could take that gait and keep it all day."

The man went home and got a team and

buggy, and he and a man who knew the road that the horse thieves traveled, started in the evening towards Winnemac. They drove about twenty miles and one of their horses got sick; and then they drove the twenty miles back and the horse died. What do you think of that way of treating a sick horse?

The man never found his stolen horse but they have broken up that band of horse thieves. They had a regular road with friends along it. I am glad they did not get Hidalgo and Star.

The next Saturday we went back to Winnemac; we forded the Tippecanoe River again and when we came to the bridge across the Tippecanoe River south of Winnemac, we found some men putting a floor on the bridge. They had taken up all the old floor and did not have enough lumber for the new one and about sixteen feet of the bridge was open. Papa carried our satchels and wraps and Ruth and Wendell over, but I took hold of the side rails and walked across the iron pieces that the floor is laid on. And then I went back to drive through the river with Papa. Mama was afraid for me to crawl across the hole in the bridge alone, because



Park at Winnamac.



the bridge was so high and the water so deep. But I always could climb almost anywhere.

Last summer, though, I got a fall; I tried to go across from the roof of our carriage porch to the porch roof, and I overbalanced and had to jump. It was fifteen and one half feet to the side walk. I struck on my feet and rolled over on the gravel road. I thought my fingers and my legs were broken, but they were not. I had to use crutches for a long time, as it jammed my ankle so that it was black and blue.

Well, Papa and I drove down a sideling bank to the water and I thought the surrey would turn over before we got down that bank, but it didn't. Then we drove into the river, that looked as if it was a foot deep, from the bridge, because the water was so clear, and it was so deep that it frightened the horses, and it frightened me a little, too. I kept crawling up till I had my feet on the seat, and the water nearly got me there, for it came up to the cushions.

The next Monday morning we got up early and had the horses fed and hitched before breakfast, and while we were eating

breakfast it began to rain, so we had them unhitched. Tuesday morning we got up early again and hitched up before breakfast, and while we were eating breakfast it began to rain as it had Monday morning. Our friends wanted us to stay, but we finally put the side curtains on the surrey and started. We had to carry our things over the bridge again and ford the river. The bank of the river on the side where we went down was so steep that it looked as if the surrey would upset on top of the horses.

We had not gone very far until it cleared up, and it was nice for a while. But by and by it rained very hard, and we drove into a big barn. We thought that we would get to Monticello for dinner, but as it was then about dinner time we asked the lady at the house to get some dinner for us, and we had a good dinner there. After a while it cleared up and we started again. Just before we came to Monticello we saw about a dozen squirrels in the trees near a house. I guess the man must have watched so that no one would shoot any of them.

Monticello is the county seat of White County, Indiana. You would have to drive



Bridge over Tippecanoe River.

all day to get across White County, it is such a large county. The Tippecanoe River runs along the east side of Monticello, which is a beautiful little city with paved streets and pleasant homes. As we came through Brookston we saw, in a pasture, two pet deer and some "tame" wild geese. We drove fifty-eight miles that day to get back to our stopping place northwest of La Fayette. We stayed about a week with our friends at that place, and Papa attended to some business.

Hidalgo is just like a Gipsy horse. Wherever we visited we would let him run loose on the road and eat grass and rest, and have a good time. But Star came near giving us trouble. He was out with Hi and he made a break for home. The man at the next house caught him.

When we started for home the lady gave me some guinea eggs and told me to put them under a setting hen when I got home. We had started and were down the road a little way when we saw a guinea, and Papa always laughs at me because I said, "Good bye, old guinea hen; thank you for the guinea eggs." When I got home I had

some shells and a mess and no eggs. We stayed all night with our friends at Talbot, Indiana, that night. Talbot is about four miles east of the Illinois line and is thirty-five miles east of Paxton, so it was not much of a drive to get home the next day. When we came to where we crossed over into Illinois, Papa said, "Look out, now, for a bump; we are going to cross the state line." We said that we did not see the line. Then Papa told us that we could not see the line, that it was just the place where Indiana quit and Illinois began. It was hard for us to understand about states, counties, townships and sections, but Papa can make anything pretty plain to us. He said that he would turn it around for us and begin with a farm, then tell us about sections, townships, counties and states. He asked us first, "Do you see that house and barn over there?" We told him that we did. He said, "A farmer lives there; he has fields of corn, of oats and hay, and pastures for his cattle, horses, sheep and hogs. That is a farm. Then," he said, "you know that we cross a road every mile. A piece of land that has a road on each side of it is a section of land, and



This is Where I got a Fall.

there are 640 acres of land in a section.” We did not find a road on every side of a section in Indiana, though, because they made the roads before the land was measured into sections.

Then he told us that it takes thirty-six sections to make a township; thirty-six sections in a square makes a township six miles each way. They give each township a name, but sometimes they take more than one township and give it a name. They call a township that has a name a town. The town of Patton, that we live in, has one township and part of another in it. It is six miles one way and ten miles the other.

The people in a town vote for men to be the officers of the town. The men who are elected attend to the business of the town, take care of the roads and attend to building the bridges and such things. Then there are a number of townships in a county. The people living in a county elect men to attend to the business of the county. There are a great many counties in a state. There is no regular number of townships in a county and no regular number of counties in a state.

Some counties and some states are larger than others. The people living in a state elect their state officers, and laws are made by men who are elected for that purpose. There are forty-five states now, and all the states together have business that they are all interested in, so we have the United States of America, and there are officers elected by each state who join together and make laws for the United States. The United States government can do business with other countries just as if it was only one state. When we got home Papa said that the team had traveled 545 miles on that trip through Indiana.

I have been to Indiana so many times that I know a good many people there. There is one place in Indiana that I would rather visit than 'most any other, and that is at Round Grove, which is northwest of La Fayette. We always stay at Mr. Ford's when we visit that place. Mr. Demmerle, who lives there, has tame rabbits of all colors and fan-tailed pigeons and common pigeons, and two or three dogs. I go to Mr. Demmerle's and stay in the field with him nearly all day. He knows a great deal about animals and birds.

Papa and I were in Indiana April 10th. We saw a gray ground squirrel that some boys had found while digging in the sand. This ground squirrel was fast asleep and could not be wakened. I did not know that ground squirrels hibernated as bears do until I saw this one. He was rolled up so nicely you could have played ball with him. The boys were going to keep him until he woke up and then try to tame him.

Papa says the reason ground squirrels are so bright and lively in the summer is because they have had plenty of sleep, and that when we children get plenty of sleep we are brighter and better natured. I think I can get along, though, without sleeping all winter as bears and squirrels do.

Ruth and I often go to Indiana with Papa, but Wendell has not been with him very much. He would a little rather stay with his Mama. He is beginning to take his turn now, though. One time Ruth went with Papa to La Fayette, and when they started out to the farms northwest of La Fayette it was so late and the roads were so muddy that it got very dark before they got to their stopping place. It was so dark they

could not see the horse they were driving, but Ruth did not make any fuss. She only said, "I would not have come with you, but in the morning I would have called you." She always wants Papa the first thing when she wakes up in the morning. They got there all right, but there was one little bridge that Papa had worried about, for it was very narrow and had no railing.

Last spring Papa and I went to Monon, Indiana, and while we were there some men were going to fish with a seine; so we stayed over and went with them. We went away up the Monon River to where the dredge ditch joins it. The Monon is only a small river.

We fished most of the time in the river and that was where we had the best luck. When we fished in the dredge ditch our seine caught on rocks or something every little while and the men would have to dive down and loosen it. We caught sticks and stones and barb wire that day, and we caught a good many fish and about twenty soft-shelled turtles. When the men caught turtles they would cut holes in the edges of their shells and string them on strings.

The turtle that was smart enough to catch a man would pretty nearly get even with that man, and you ought to have heard him yell. The man yelled and the turtle pinched. I was in the water all day. The men were afraid that I would get drowned, but I stayed near Papa and kept hold of the pulling ropes, and when it was too deep I would cling to the ropes. When we got through fishing they made eleven piles of fish as even as they could. Then one man went behind a tree and the man with the fish would lay his hands on a pile of fish and say, "Who gets these fish?" And the man behind the tree would name some one. They kept on that way until all had some fish. We gave our fish to the man we were staying with. The other men took the turtles and they were going to have a turtle soup and fish dinner at the hotel the next day, but we could not stay to help them eat it.

We fished so late that we missed the evening train, so we waited for the eleven o'clock train, which was late, and we did not get to La Fayette till one o'clock. Papa told the hotel clerk to call us in time for the train that goes north at six o'clock, and we

went back to Brookston on that train. The train we came down on in the night was a fast train and did not stop at Brookston. Papa was pretty tired for a few days, but it did not hurt me any. I got more sleep than he did, though, for he let me sleep at Monon and carried me into the train. After we got home the skin peeled off of Papa's neck and shoulders and off my neck and back, because we got sunburned while fishing. I had my underclothing on, but the sun blistered in spite of that. Mama was not very sorry for us, because we had stayed to go fishing and did not get home as soon as she expected us.

PART IX.

We did not go on any long trips in the surrency the year that Hidalgo was nine years old, because we were building our house, and that took all summer. But Papa takes care of a good many farms, and so we drive a great deal every summer.

Grandpa drives Hi a good deal in the summer time around town and in the country. He does not play in harness with Grandpa as he does with other people when they drive him. Sometimes he forgets, though; when a big dog runs at him he will try to get a kick at the dog or try to outrun him.

Grandpa says that he and Hidalgo are good friends and that Hi will not be very bad with him. One time Grandpa was driving Hi down the only steep hill we have around here, and something about the harness broke and let the shafts come down on to the ground. Hidalgo stopped the buggy by letting it run up against him. Grandpa

thought that if it had been any other horse he might have been thrown out and hurt or killed.

I have two bad things to tell about Hidalgo. These happened last winter. Mama and a lady had some errands to do, so they took Hi and the cutter. They took a boy to drive, so they would not have to tie him up every time they went into a house. When they were driving up to a house where Hi was acquainted he broke into a run, and the boy could not hold him. Mama took the lines and stopped him. The boy had had enough driving and would not drive any more. Papa said that he saw Hidalgo was not pleased with the boy's driving when they started. Hidalgo has always been allowed to do as he pleased because he pleased to do right. And now, since he is older, he will not allow strangers to boss him, especially boys.

The other bad thing that Hidalgo did was when Grandpa and Uncle Dave were driving him to the sleigh. They were going pretty fast and the shafts came loose from the sleigh. Hidalgo went on with the shafts and the sleigh upset and pitched Grandpa

over Uncle Dave. Grandpa lit on his nose on the ice. They were not hurt much. Hi ran down to a barn where there were some horses. Uncle Dave got him and tied the shafts on with a strap and brought the sleigh home. I teased Uncle Dave because he got upset, for he is a good driver. But when the shafts come off the driver gets left.

PART X.

We never shot a gun out of the buggy, with Hidalgo, until the summer he was ten years old. He does not like it very well and seems to say: "My! Oh, I don't like that awful noise right behind me; but although it makes me jump I will stand it if you think it is right." Papa says he would not let anyone else have him to go hunting with, for Hi would not mind another person and might make trouble.

Papa can shoot quails or chickens that fly over or get up along the road while the horse is trotting. His gun is a heavy, double-barreled, No. 10, Fox gun. It breaks or opens at the side. It is too heavy for me to shoot, but he can handle it easily and do a great deal of fancy shooting with it.

Papa bought me a single-barrel, breech-loading gun last fall. It is a self-ejector and No. 12 gauge. He had them cut the barrel off so as to make it twenty-seven inches long, and they cut an inch and

a half off of the stock, so that I could handle it. The first time I shot it I had in a big load and it knocked me flat. Then I tried a smaller load and shot at a snipe. Two fell that time, the snipe and myself. I use still smaller loads now and they are all right; I have them load my shells with two drachms of powder. I can't quite swing the gun to shoot on the wing, but I think I can handle it all right next summer.

Sometimes when Papa and I go to the farms we shoot quails and rabbits. One trip Papa shot eight quails out of nine shots. I shot one quail "straight." His quails were flying, though, and my quail was in the hedge. I only go hunting when Papa goes. He says one boy at a time is enough for hunting, and he does not want me to go with other boys, because one of us might shoot the other. He does not like to see boys get guns because they start out and kill whatever they see. He says he will always be sorry because, when a boy, he shot a bird while it was sitting on its nest.

I want to tell you how Papa shot the prairie chickens. We were at one of the farms, and just about dark the man said to

me, "There are some prairie chickens over in the pasture." He counted five. I told Papa and we took our guns and sneaked down along the hedge until we got close enough. Papa whispered for me to take the one standing up and he would take the other one. I said, "I can't get my gun up high enough to shoot over the hedge, and I can't shoot through it, and I can't shoot anyway, for I tremble so." He said: "Oh, shoot; you've got the buck ague." (That is what they call it when a fellow tries to shoot at a deer and cannot, because he is so excited). But I would not shoot and he went a little further, where he could get the two he saw in line, and "Bang!" went his gun, and he said: "Well, now, Howard, what do you think; they are only old dry bunches of thistles." I said: "It's a good thing I didn't shoot, or I would have wasted my load." We looked at the thistles in daytime and they looked like prairie chickens even in daylight.

The snipe and the duck will soon be here, and I expect to shoot some this spring. We have jack snipe, sand snipe, plover, yellow-legged snipe and some other kinds. I am

afraid it will be some time before I can shoot a jack snipe, for they hide so they cannot be seen until they fly. When they fly they make such a crooked path that the shot cannot follow them; anyway, they are hard to hit.

One day Papa was out at one of the farms helping to survey for a tile ditch. Mr. Johnson was going to help, and his little boy, Willie, five years old, wanted to go along. Papa said to let him go, as he had rubber boots on. So he went down in the field with the men. They let him carry the back end of the chain they measured with, and his father carried the front end of the chain and drove stakes every four rods. Papa helped the surveyor and he carried his gun with him because there were a good many ducks flying. Papa shot at some ducks as they flew over. When he caught up with Willie he said to Papa, "Did you shoot any?" Papa told him that he did not. The little boy said, "That's a funny gun." Papa said, "They generally blame me when I miss anything, instead of the gun." Papa gave Willie twenty-five cents and told him to remember that that was the first money

he had ever earned. He did his part as well as a man could have done it.

When Willie was only a little over four years old he tried to snap the neck-yoke strap to the horses' harness when they were hitching them to the wagon. He could not reach high enough. He said, "Ain't it strange that I don't get big any faster?" And he was ready to cry about it.

I will tell you about another time we were out at a farm to see about fixing a windmill that was out of order. They use windmills here to pump water out of the deep wells. We were late and the lady hurried up supper for us. It was warm weather, so she set the table out in the shade of the trees. There was a nice, fresh breeze out there. The lady had just taken some bread from the oven, so we had fresh bread. The butter was just out of the churn, and so we had fresh butter. They had been butchering, and we had fresh meat, and just before supper she had sent the children to dig some potatoes, so we had fresh potatoes; and as we were taking our places at the table the lady said to the girls: "There is no milk for the coffee; run, quick, one of you



Threshing Oats.

girls, and milk the cow; don't wait to milk all; bring what we need," and so we had fresh milk. You don't get things as fresh as that in Chicago, do you?

The country is the place to get good things to eat. When I go to Grandma's and stay a week I fatten right up. Threshing time is the best. There are about twenty-five men needed to help with the threshing, and they always have extra good things to eat then. Thanksgiving dinner is nowhere. Most boys like to have the threshers come, but I know some boys who were talking about threshing, and one of them said, "I wish the threshers would come." The other said, "I don't, because we would have to wait."

When the first snow fell last fall Papa said for all to get sleds and have a ride. Thirteen children tried to get on five sleds. Two of the largest sleds were home-made. Papa hitched Hidalgo to the sleds. The thirteenth boy couldn't stay on, so Papa put him on Hi's back; but Hi said, "Thirteen is an unlucky number," and kicked up, so the boy had to hang on to the sleds. I think the crupper hurt Hi's tail when the boy was on his back.

We have lots of fun sleigh riding with Hidalgo. The boys try to catch on to the cutter, but it is a pretty smart boy who catches us. One time Mama was driving Hidalgo to the cutter and there was a boy waiting on the farther sidewalk on a cross street. Hidalgo saw that he could not dodge past the boy because the road was narrow, so he turned up a cross street so quickly that he pretty nearly upset the sleigh. The boy did not get on.

One time Hidalgo was loose about the barn. He made a great big, stiff-legged jump. He whirled around as he jumped and fell flat. I guess that he didn't want us to know that he fell while he was trying to be funny, for he went right to rolling just as if he had lain down on purpose to roll.

For two or three days we have been marking, as they do at school, for our behavior at the table. We mark Papa and Mama, too. When we get ten good marks we get a red star, and when we get ten red stars we get some book that we want. Papa thinks this plan works well. He does not get any bad marks, though, for if he spills his coffee or puts his elbows on the table, or is cross,



Hidalgo and the Thirteen Children.

Ruth gives him a good mark, saying, "This is only the first time, and the first time does not count."

Papa thinks there ought not to be rules for little folks and none for big folks. A long time ago Mama said that we children could not have coffee except at breakfast. She said it was not good for us. We said, "Papa has it," and Papa said, "That is right; if it is not good for you it is not good for me, and you can have coffee when I have it." So he quit using coffee except at breakfast, and if he has it at any other meal we can have it if we want it.

One time there was a man, who taught school here, whipped some boys for smoking, and while he was whipping them he was smoking a cigar. Another man who lives here told his boy that he would whip him if he caught him swearing again; and while he was scolding the boy he was swearing himself. I suspect the boy swore some more when he got out back of the barn.

One day Papa said to us, "Did you see that dead cat on the road as you came home?" We said, "Yes." "Well," he said, "I would not carry that old dead cat

home; of course you could if you wanted to." We said that we would not touch the old, dirty thing. Then he said, "You hear bad words at school and on the street, don't you?" We said, "Yes." Then he told us not to bring any of those bad words home; that, of course, we could, if we wanted to, and he could not help it. He said that it was not smart to use bad words; that anybody could, if they wanted to. He said the same thing about smoking and chewing tobacco. Some boys think it is smart to smoke, although it makes them sick.

Papa never punishes us for doing anything that we do not know is wrong. If we say a bad word, that we do not know is wrong, he is sorry. We are sorry, too. If he asks us if we did something that was wrong, and we say, "Yes," he does not punish us, when he finds out in that way. He says the law will not allow the court to make a man tell on himself, and that some papas say, "Did you do that?" and if the boy says, "Yes," he gets a whipping; and if he says, "No," he gets out of it. So he learns to lie to save his back. When we say a thing Papa takes our word for it, and

will not let any person question our word. He says that it is our business to tell the truth. Papa can find out about anything pretty easily, though. He asks a few questions, and the first thing we know he knows all about it.

I cannot remember when Papa or Mama have whipped any of us children. We need it bad enough sometimes, and sometimes, when I am bad, I wish they would whip me, I feel so cross and mean. They say it would be much easier to whip than not to whip, and say it is much harder to be patient with us. One gets sleepy, tired or cross, and acts mean and doesn't know why. As big as I am, I'll sit and cry about something that can't be helped and that isn't the reason I am crying at all—I just feel cross and mean and need a good cry.

When Mama was a little girl she lived on a farm. Her mama told her that she must do a certain part of the work each day. In the summer time, when the teams were at work in the field, Mama would finish her part of getting things ready for dinner; then she could go to the field and ride one of the horses to the barn. She says that she en-

joyed the ride better because she had earned it by first doing her work.

Mama has given us children certain work to do each day. We boys are to pump cistern water into the tank in the attic. There is a pump in the basement and the water is forced up through an iron pipe. I am to pump one hundred strokes and Wendell is to pump fifty strokes. Ruth is to wipe the dishes.

We have other work to do, but this is to be our regular work. Mama will not allow us boys to pump two or three hundred strokes one day and none the next. She wants us to get into the habit of working.

PART XI.

This is April 21st. Hidalgo is eleven years old to-day. I will tell you what we have been doing lately. Papa said that we needed a room of some kind for our guns and fishing tackle, and we thought that the attic would be a good place. So we began to plan it. Finally we thought a log cabin in the attic would be the best thing. We have been working at it for a month or so, just at odd times and in the evenings. Papa said logs would be too heavy, and he ordered slabs from the sawmill. Slabs are the first and last part of the logs that are cut when they are sawing logs into boards or lumber. Slabs have the bark on them. They are from six inches to fourteen inches wide, and in the thickest place about four inches through. We put up some two-by-four pieces from the floor to the roof. We nailed the slabs to the pieces on the inside, and some to match them on the outside. Papa fixed them so that they do not show that they are slabs instead of logs.

We left a crack between the slabs and nailed slats back of the cracks, and when the slabs get dry we will "chink" the cracks with plaster. We have old windows that have small panes of glass, heavy shutters for the windows and a strong door, so the Indians cannot get in. On the outside we will only fix it to look like a log cabin on two sides. On the inside no one can tell but that it is a real log cabin, for the roof of the house is the roof of the cabin. We will leave it so the rafters will show. The big room of the cabin is thirteen by twenty feet, and it has an addition on one side about ten by ten feet. It is all in one room now, but we will hang up some curtains between the rooms. There is an outside window in the little room and an outside window high up in the big room, and we are putting in two windows and a door that open into the attic. Our house has but one large chimney. The chimney is at the end of the big room in the log cabin. We are going to have an old-fashioned fireplace. We have some hickory wood drying to burn next winter.

We have an old-fashioned bed, table and

chairs. We went to the gun shop and got an old flint-lock musket, a set trigger rifle and an old Colt's revolver that had to be loaded with powder, ball and cap. We also got four little pistols. The man gave us two gourds, one for a dipper and one to keep soft soap in. Since people have found out that we want old things for our cabin they are watching for things for us. One man gave us the barrel of a flint-lock horse pistol. It was found near town. It is so badly rusted it looks very old. It may be more than a hundred years old. A man in Texas said he was going to send us a very old gun. We do not know him, but when Uncle Tom told him what we were doing he said he would give us his old gun. We can get an old ox yoke and we will hang that up on the outside of the cabin.

We will hang the guns and other things up on the walls, and when we go deer hunting we will try to get some deer horns and hides. We boys will sleep up there a great many times, and when you come to see us you can sleep up there if you want to. Papa has done every bit of the work so far, except what we boys helped. He calls it "pleasure

work.” There are electric lights in the attic. The lights are on long wires and can be carried where we need them. We will have to use candles in the cabin when we get it finished.

We can have fun up there. It will be nearly like camping out. We have camped out several times since I was big enough to remember. One day last fall Papa had business to attend to out in the country about twelve miles. He said he wanted to show us folks how he could cook out of doors. So we hitched Hidalgo to the trap and took the gun and Fannie (our hunting dog) along, so we could get some game to cook. Papa put into a box a kettle and a coffee pot, bread, butter, potatoes, onions, salt, pepper, coffee, knives, forks and spoons. He also took an ax.

We started about eight o'clock in the morning, and when we got about five miles from town a flock of prairie chickens flew up from beside the road. They lit over in the oat stubble. Papa took the gun and dog and followed them, and in about twenty minutes he had shot three of the young prairie chickens. They were pretty nearly full grown.



The Camp Dinner.

We stopped in the timber for dinner. We unhitched Hidalgo, watered him and turned him loose to eat his oats and what grass he wanted. We had brought a bucket of good water from the last house we passed, to use for dressing the birds, and to cook with. Papa was cook that day. He dressed the game and peeled and washed the potatoes and onions. After he had made the fire he cut a green stick on which to hang the kettle, and put one end of it on a stump and the other on a forked stick stuck into the ground. When the game and potatoes and onions were about done he cut a loaf of bread in two and laid it on top of the meat in the kettle. Then he set the coffee pot on the red coals and had everything ready for dinner at the same time. Mama thought it was the finest dinner she ever ate, and we children ate so much we did not feel good for a little while. There was plenty left for the dog, too.

Wendell is too young to go to school, so he is with Papa at the office at least half of the time. He does not make any trouble and he does a great many errands. One evening they came home late for supper, and when they were eating Wendell took a piece

of cake that had plenty of frosting on it and said: "Papa, will you do something for me?" Papa said: "Maybe so; what is it?" Papa is always afraid to promise too sure with Wendell. Wendell said: "When I eat this frosting off, will you eat the cake?" Mama will not let him eat the frosting and leave the cake. Papa would not agree to that bargain, so Wendell had to eat the cake, too.

What do you think! We have had a lot of real Indians in our back yard. You will not believe it until I tell you how it happened. Pawnee Bill's Wild West Show had their tents at the edge of the town west of our house. There was a Woodman's picnic the same day, so the Wild West Show did not have their parade until after the Woodman parade. The Indians and cowboys and Indian girls and lady riders sat on their horses near our house while the Woodman parade was going on. A horse got frightened and upset the buggy and threw the folks out. It did not hurt them very much, but the horse ran away and into our back yard. The cowboys and Indians caught up their lassoes, which hung on their



Show Day at Paxton.

saddles, and they surrounded our lot quicker than I can tell it. They caught the horse right beside our plum trees. Then the ripe plums suffered. The Indians picked some and took them out to the girls. We did not care for their taking the plums. The cowboys caught another runaway horse with their lassoes that day.

Papa is trying to get us boys to form a club to protect the birds. We have all begun to collect specimens of birds' eggs, and he does not like it. He has written something for us to sign. It is all right, but it may spoil our egg collections. We have a good many birds at our end of town, for there are plenty of big trees. We heard a whip-poor-will one evening last spring. Papa said it was only the second one he had heard in this part of the country.

Here is a copy of what Papa wrote for us to sign. I do not know whether all the boys will sign it or not, for we have been robbing birds' nests to get the eggs for our collections, and some of the boys have air guns and "shooters," and they kill a good many birds. Wendell and I are willing to sign it. They call our end of town "West Lawn."

WEST LAWN BIRD PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.

We, the undersigned, residents of West Lawn, Illinois, for the better protection of the songbirds and other harmless birds that are not used for food, and for the protection of the nests of such birds, do hereby form ourselves into an association under the name of the West Lawn Bird Protective Association.

First. We agree we will, so far as we can, help to enforce the laws in relation to such birds and their nests.

Second. We agree that we will cease collecting the eggs from the nests of such birds, and that we will not, even in play, shoot at such birds with our shooters, air guns or other guns, or throw at them, and we each agree that we will do our best to keep the other boys from robbing birds' nests or shooting at birds as mentioned.

Maybe you can get up a bird protection association and write a paper like this for the boys to sign.

We were at one of the farms a few days ago and Mr. Anderson told us that his horse Billy had been taken sick while in the pasture lot. He stayed in the shade of the big



Noma and Straud with Dewey.

trees. They carried out some straw for him to lie on. Their dog Shep took his place by Billy's side, without anyone telling him to do it, and would not allow any of the hogs or cattle to come near him. After a day or two Billy died. He died in the night. In the morning they found that Shep had carried straw and covered Billy all over except his nose. When they buried Billy, Shep stayed on the grave a day and a night before they could get him to come home. They did not know that Shep and Billy were such good friends. Shep is a nice, big dog and is dark colored, as shepherd dogs generally are.

Noma and Straud, who live on our street have a St. Bernard dog. They call him "Dewey." He is broken to draw a wagon, and all of us children have had a ride in the wagon.

Hidalgo is not a bob-tailed horse, although you might think so when you see his picture. He is kept hitched to the buggy or surrey so much of the time in the summer that he whips out his tail fighting flies. A bob-tailed horse is one that has had the bone and flesh of the tail cut off till the horse has

only a stump of a tail left. Papa would not own a bob-tailed horse. He says that style of horse comes from other countries, and that since we have the finest driving horses in the world he will stick to them and not follow some foreign style. It is very cruel to cut a horse's tail off. It is not so bad for the horse when he is young and stylish, but when he gets old and poor and perhaps has a master who will not furnish him with a fly net in summer, he will be in a bad fix. There is a law in Illinois against "docking" the horses' tails in this way. It might make me laugh to see a horse wiggle his poor little stump of a tail if it did not make me feel so sorry for him.

Hidalgo is not a good riding horse. Papa does not want him to do anything but walk and trot, and a trotting horse's trot is as bouncy as the "trot, trot to Boston" Papa gives us on his knee, so Papa bought Earl Canady's old "Ned" for us when Earl moved to Clinton, Illinois. Ned is a good, easy-riding horse. He can walk, trot, pace, single-foot, lope or gallop. We children ride him about all day these nice days. Ruth rides on our saddle. Mama is going to .



Ruth and Old Ned.

make her a dress with "divided skirts." Papa wants us to learn to ride. He says that few children are learning to ride horse-back. I believe there are about fifteen children learning to ride on old Ned.

Lileth and Harry Storms were here not long ago. They live in Chicago, and travel with a children's concert company which gave an entertainment in our church. They have been here so often that Lileth calls our house home whenever she is in Paxton. Old Ned and Frank McLean's pony had plenty to do while the children were here. We rode turn about nearly all day. The pony ran away with Lileth, but she did not get hurt.

Papa and Wendell were down town in the buggy the other day and a man wanted Papa to fix some papers for him. Papa said to the man, "Get into the buggy and drive up street." The man said: "I can't drive; I never drove a horse in my life." Papa said: "Get in and Wendell will drive; I don't want to leave him alone." The man got in and Wendell turned and drove Hidalgo up street. Wendell is a good driver and rides well for a six-year-old. We thought it was funny that the man could

not drive a horse. He can manage a boat, though, for he has been a sailor. Papa wants us to drive and ride and to learn to do everything that we can. He says for us to keep our eyes and ears open and to ask questions. He has never let us be fooled about Santa Claus, yet we always had lots of fun at Christmas. It is a great day at our house, as it is Ruth's and my birthday. We get a double set of presents. We dress up like the picture of Santa Claus and deliver the presents from the Christmas tree. Children like to make believe, and we enjoy it just as well as if we believed all the fairy stories they tell about Santa Claus.

Papa always answers any questions we ask him, if he can. He usually answers our questions by asking us questions and making us think it out for ourselves. When we were three or four years old he told us things that some big boys and girls do not know. He said that he wanted to tell us the things we ought to know and would learn by and by. He thinks that Papas and Mamas do wrong by letting other people or children tell little folks what their parents ought to have told them. The other children



Harry and Lileth.

cannot tell us anything that we do not know. So what we hear from other children does not make any difference, because we know more than they do, and if we do not we ask Papa about it. What they think is funny or a secret is not a secret or funny to us.

We were at Grandma's not long ago and Wendell got both hands caught in a pulley. The men were putting the second crop of clover hay into the barn with a hay fork. The hay fork is fastened to one end of a long rope and the rope is carried up over a pulley, which is hung in the top of the hay loft. Then the rope is run down through a pulley that is fastened to the barn floor. A horse is hitched to this end of the rope. They stick the hay fork into the hay that is on the wagon. The horse pulls on the rope and up goes a fork load of hay into the hay loft. When the hay gets to the right place the man on the wagon pulls a little rope that is fastened to the hay fork and makes the fork let loose of the hay.

It is hard pulling for the horse, and when the hay drops he takes several quick steps forward. Wendell said he was helping the horse by pulling down on the rope. When

the hay dropped both of his hands were jerked into the pulley. The rope took nearly all the flesh off the inside of three fingers on one hand and took the flesh off the inside of one finger and a nail off the next finger on the other hand. The doctor dressed his hands and tied up all his fingers and one thumb. One night, while his hands were still tied up in the cotton, he called, "Papa!" Papa said: "Yes, Wendell, I am coming as soon as I can turn on the light." When Papa went to him he was sitting in the middle of the bed. He smiled and said, "I'm mixed in bed." He did not know where the pillows were and he could not feel to find them, and he was afraid that he would fall out of bed if he moved. His hands have healed now, but some of his fingers are not just right yet. Papa says boys should stay clear away from pulleys, cog wheels and shafts that turn over.

One day last week Papa had business out southwest about thirteen miles. He told Ruth that she could go along and to invite some of her girl friends, so she invited Flossy and Bessie Beasley, and they got a picnic supper ready and hunted up their



Harvesting at Uncle John's.

bathing suits. About this time Wendell and I began to feel pretty badly. We did not want to be left at home, but Ruth said it was her turn to go with Papa and that he had promised her it was to be a girls' hunting party and that we could not go. Papa got her to agree that Mama, Wendell and I might go as far as Uncle John's with them. When we came to the timber Mama held Hidalgo and we went squirrel hunting. We had a rifle and two shotguns. We boys were not to shoot. When we started into the timber Papa said, "Now, everybody watch for squirrels." Wendell was barefooted, and said: "You watch; I have got to watch my feet." We saw only one squirrel and did not shoot at this. The girls shot the rifle several times at squirrels' nests, so that they thought they were having fine hunting anyway, I guess. After they left us at Uncle John's they drove eight miles farther, and when they were coming back they stopped to feed Hidalgo and eat their supper at the end of a dredge ditch where there was nice, clean water for the girls to bathe in. The girls used under-the-bridge for a dressing-

room and put on their bathing suits while Papa fed Hidalgo. They bathed and had their supper and then came for us. It made us late getting home, but it was a nice, warm evening.

Papa says people forget things because they do not learn them right. One way is to learn a thing so that you can say it but not understand it, another way is to learn a thing so that you can understand it but cannot tell it, but the best way is to learn a thing so that you understand it and can tell it. He has taught us, in just a few lessons, how to divide a section of land and to number the sections in a township.

To teach us the parts of a section, he laid some books east and west across the middle of a square rug that is in our hall. Then he had us stand in the north part, and asked which half we were in. We told him the north half. Then we found the south half. After that we laid some more books across the middle of the rug north and south, and we found the east half and west half. That divided it into quarters. He asked us to find the quarter to the north and west, and we found it. That was called the northwest

quarter. He asked us to step into the southwest quarter, southeast quarter and northeast quarter. We learned that there are 640 acres in a section, and a half-section, of course, is 320 acres, a quarter-section is 160 acres, the half of a quarter-section is eighty acres and a quarter of a quarter-section is forty acres. After we had learned the quarters he said: "Now, a man had four children and he owned the northwest quarter of a section of land. He gave John the northwest quarter of his quarter," and we learned that they called it the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter. Then the man gave his daughter Jennie the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter, and he gave James the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter, and he gave Minnie the northeast quarter of the northwest quarter. Papa had us step into the different forty-acre pieces as he described them, and it was only a little while until we could find any quarter of a quarter of the section, and now we can step from place to place on the rug and tell what part of the section we are in.

We do not divide the rug into more than four parts, for that mixes us up, but we step

into the corners of the quarters. Papa tells us to "March!" and we walk around on the rug; then he says "Stop!" and asks us where we are. I say, perhaps, "I'm in the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter," and Ruth says, "I am in the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter," then we march again. Papa does not let us work on anything of this kind for more than fifteen minutes at a time, but he wants our whole attention while we are at it.

Then he laid thirty-six pieces of paper down on the floor, that made six each way, like a township, for a township has thirty-six sections in it. We learned that in numbering the sections in a township they begin at the northeast corner of the township and number west, one, two, three, four, five, six, to the west side. Seven is just south of six, and they number right back to the east, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, then back and forth till they come to thirty-six, which is at the southeast corner of the township.

Thursday, the 18th day of October, there was a big rally in Paxton, and Wendell and Papa and I were in the parade. Walter



Rally Day at Paxton.

Benjamin was Wendell's partner. Wendell rode Ned and I rode Frank McLean's pony. Carl was my partner. He rode his pony. Papa rode Hidalgo in the parade. After the parade we went to the Court House Park to hear the speaking. Wendell went home about the first thing. I stayed a little while, but I did not get any sense out of the speaking, so I went home. The pony started off pretty fast and I knew that it was wanting to run, so I pulled and jerked on the reins. When I jerked him he would rear up and then walk about two steps. When I got to Mr. Day's house I said to him: "This isn't a bucking broncho; it's a running broncho," and just then it went as fast as it could run to the pasture where they kept it. I didn't fall off, though.

I suppose you will want to hear how we are getting along with our log cabin. We have the walls nearly done and Mr. Morrow built the fireplace yesterday. We had a fire in the fireplace last night. Harold Stevens, Earl Canady and Cousin Harry were here. When we got settled around the bright fire we said, "Now is the time for stories, Papa." He said that we had heard

about all of his stories. We asked him what he and your Papa and Uncle Dave did when they were little. He said that they did a good many things that they should not have done. They raced the horses, on horseback or with the wagons and sleds and came near breaking their necks sometimes. He told us how Uncle Dave used to catch him and your Papa and back their bare backs against the cold wall, and how Aunt Minnie used to change the dressers and beds around, and when the boys would go upstairs to go to bed in the dark, and undress and make a jump onto the bed, the bed would be some other place and the boys would be on the floor.

One time they had a man to work for them and he got up early to make the fire. It was pretty dark but he did not light a lamp. Papa slipped out and laid his hand down heavy on the man's back. The man said, "O, my, O, come, there is something on my back." And he was so frightened he stood leaning over the stove till Papa laughed.

He used to own a spotted horse that had been in a circus. He called him King. King



Our New Church.



The Organ in Our Church.

is still living and is owned by a man who lives about ten miles from here. King was an awful fighter and when he got loose in the horse tents of the circus he raised a terrible row. He was always cross with other horses, while Papa had him, though he was gentle to drive. He could trot or pace and when he came to the main street he would prance just as he had done when he was with the circus when the band played. He was a fine rider and he could jump over a high fence. One time Papa was riding him and a little girl said, "Why; you've got a painted horse, haven't you?"

One time a man that lived near Uncle Dave's had a young team of horses that he was breaking to drive. Uncle Dave met him on the road when he had them hitched to a wagon. He asked him how he was getting along breaking the colts. The old man said, "If I raise my hand, so; huh; away they go," and they did. They were running as far as Uncle Dave could see them.

He told us about the dream he had when he was a little boy. In the morning he got up and he had had a dream. He said to Aunt Minnie, "I greamed, I greamed, Min-

nie, what was it I greamed? Oh, yes, I greamed there was a great big pig after me.”

Mama told us stories of how she and her brothers and sisters used to go bob sled riding and got upset in the snow, and how they coasted down hill, and went horseback riding and how they used to walk along the top rail of the rail fences. She says she thinks it is fun to walk rail fences. She had us try it last summer when we came to a rail fence in the timber. I couldn't walk more than two rails till I had to jump off. The rails won't lie still. Mama went to school in the country when she was little. I just know they had more fun than we do in town. She knows more games than we do. If any one knows a story he is pretty near certain to remember it if he will sit before a bright fire in our log cabin.

I will tell you of our trip to Chicago and other places this summer. You were with us when we visited Lincoln Park. I suppose that you go up there quite often. We have been in the Park five or six times and we never get tired of it.

It is most always cool in the Park because

of the trees and because Lake Michigan is along the East side of it. Do you know how many acres there are in the Park? It looks to be a mile or two long and over half a mile wide. It must take a great deal of work to keep the grounds in such nice condition and to take care of the flower beds. We had our first ride on the camels when you were with us, although we had seen them several times. We will have a ride on the elephant some day. He was not working when we were there. There is enough to see in the Park to keep a person busy for some time. We never get tired looking at the buffalo, zebra, elk, deer, lions, tigers and monkeys and at the eagles and other birds. Once when we were at the Park we rode down to the City on a little steamer. They went out on Lake Michigan as far as the breakwater and took on some passengers. The men had been fishing from the breakwater. One day we went from Chicago to Evanston on the electric car and saw the Ferris wheel which is now a little way North of Lincoln Park. I went up in the Ferris wheel when it was at the World's Fair at Chicago. Going up in the Ferris wheel is about all I can remember about the World's Fair.

When we went from Chicago to Joliet, which is South West of Chicago, we took a boat and went down the drainage canal as far as Lockport and then rode on an electric car from Lockport to Joliet. It was hot weather when we made that trip and although there were many wonderful things to look at there were plenty of things that did not smell sweet, especially in the Chicago river near the stock yards. The drainage canal is a big ditch that was made to take the water from the Chicago river. This water used to flow into Lake Michigan. The canal carries it South West into the Des-plaines river. They did this so that they could keep the bad water, sewerage they call it, from going into Lake Michigan. They commenced at the Chicago river on the West side of Chicago and made the canal 200 feet wide for several miles till they came to where it was solid rock, then they made it only 100 feet wide. The sides of the canal, where it is solid rock, are as smooth as a wall. They used saws that were run by engines to cut the rock on each side of the ditch and broke up the rock in the center by blasting it with powder. There were elevators and cars to take the stone out of the

ditch. There is a lock at Lockport. A lock is a tight gate made across the canal which may be raised or lowered so that the water can be held or allowed to flow out as it is needed.

We visited in Joliet for a day or two and then came back to Chicago on the Chicago and Alton Railroad. The banks of the drainage canal can be seen from the railroad. They look like mountains. We found one place that beat the Chicago river for bad odors and that was the old canal at Joliet. It is separated from the drainage canal and it is so nearly level that they can hold the water in it as long as they please. The water had been kept in the canal until it was as black as coal and it smelled worse than any water I ever smelled. If I lived in Joliet I would have them clean the canal or I would leave the City, unless I were in the State's prison.

When we went to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, to visit Papa's relatives, we left Chicago on the "Christopher Columbus" or whale-back boat. They call it the "whale-back" because the hull looks like the back of a whale. This is the boat they used at the World's Fair to

give people a ride on Lake Michigan. It is said to be the largest excursion boat in the world. Papa thought that there were twenty-five hundred people on the boat that day. The price of a round trip ticket from Chicago to Milwaukee is one dollar if you come back the same day, or one dollar and fifty cents if you stay over as we did. We thought that it was the finest trip for the money that we ever took.

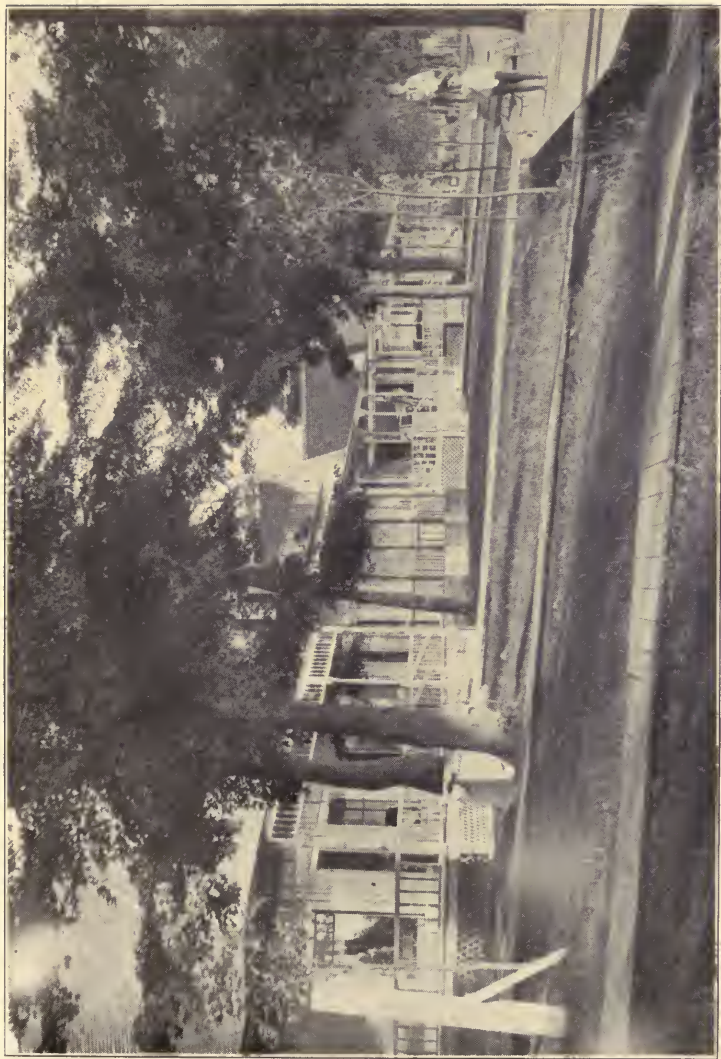
Milwaukee is the cleanest and prettiest city that we were ever in. While we were there our friends took us to the parks and around over the city. We saw about forty deer at one of the parks. The parks are all new, but they have fine old trees in them. It is up hill and down hill in the parks so the ponds and lakes were easily made.

One day we took the electric car and went North of Milwaukee to White Fish Bay. That is a pretty place. We gathered colored stones and played in the white sand and waded in the water. The waves would chase us back and wet us if we did not get back quick enough. I came near getting run over by a street car while we were in Milwaukee. Wendell and I were racing to see which

•



Paw Paw Lake.



Cottages at Paw Paw Lake.

could get to the house first. I waited for a street car that was going East to pass and after it passed started to cross the tracks and the men on the car called to me to stop. I was just stepping on to the track in front of a car going West. Papa had told us when we got off a car to stand still before crossing the track until our car got clear away so that we could see if there was a car coming from the other direction. He had told us to do the same way when we were waiting for a car to pass. I do not think I shall forget again.

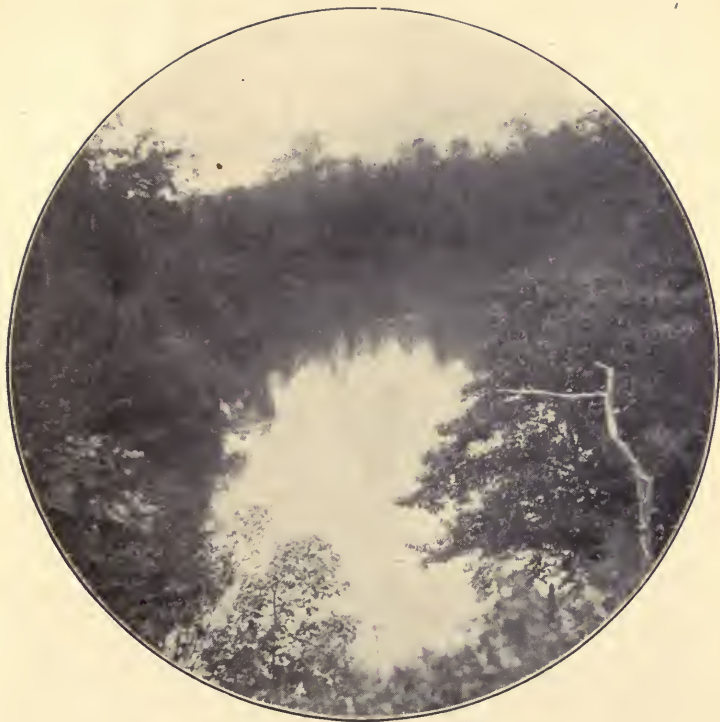
Our friends had a large, fine looking pacing horse that has a record of 2:22 and he took us over those pavements as fast as we wanted to go. That horse knows about as much as Hidalgo does.

We went back to Chicago on a boat called the "Virginia." It was not so large as the "Whaleback" but was better furnished. A day or two after we came back from Milwaukee we took the boat called the "City of Chicago" and crossed the lake to St. Joe, Michigan. From there we rode on the cars about fifteen miles East to Paw Paw Lake. Then we rode on a little steamer to our stop-

ping place. We boarded at "Lincoln's Cabin." The cabin was built by a Mr. Lincoln and it was made from slabs from the saw mill like our log cabin. We had nice weather while we were there except that it was very warm. We went bathing and we walked through the woods and rode on the steamers and took rides in the row boats.

One day we took a row boat and rowed down Paw Paw river. The Paw Paw is a narrow, deep, river, very crooked and very pretty. We were in the shade of the trees most of the time. The water does not run from the river into Paw Paw Lake, but from Paw Paw Lake into Paw Paw river. There are no creeks or rivers running into Paw Paw Lake and the Lake is kept fresh and full by springs of water. Paw Paw river runs into St. Joe river and St. Joe river runs into Lake Michigan. If you follow the banks around Paw Paw lake it is about eighteen miles and there are houses and cottages almost all the way around the lake.

Another time we went across the lake to the Sherwood Fruit Farm. That is about the largest fruit farm in the State of Michigan. They have four hundred acres of peach



Paw Paw River



Old Bridge over Paw Paw River.

orchards and a great many acres of apple and pear trees. They set out the fruit that is too ripe to ship and tell you to eat all you want. The peaches and pears were fine. We bought a basket of peaches and a basket of pears. I guess you know that because you helped to eat them when we got back to Chicago.

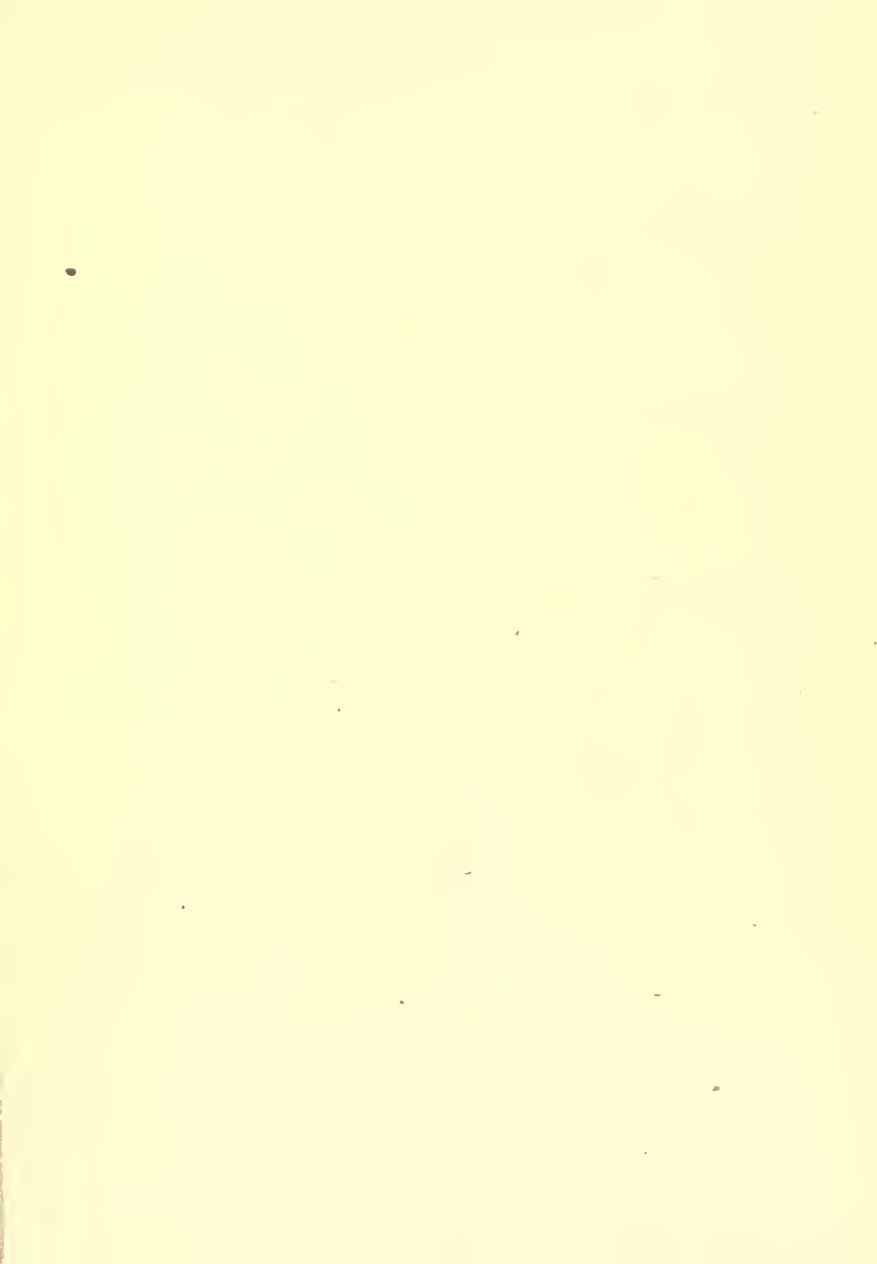
We came back to Chicago on the "City of Milwaukee." We had a bad time of it for as soon as the boat got out of the harbor it began to rock and pitch. It was the day of the cyclone at Sheboygan, Wisconsin, which made the lake very rough. The cabin boys brought up dozens of tin buckets and set them about the cabin. Everybody laughed but about half of us quit laughing pretty soon and found use for the buckets. If you do not want to get sick when the lake is rough, get outside and watch the water and it is not nearly so bad. Mama asked one lady where she felt sick and she said, "Oh, all over," and she looked as if she felt just that way. I wasn't very sick but I felt so dizzy I couldn't stand up. The boat was late getting into Chicago that night.

And now winter has come again and we

have finished our log cabin and when I tell you something more about the cabin and what we have gathered up to put in it, I am going to finish my letter. Papa got pretty well tired out before he finished the cabin but he will not say that he is sorry that he built it, because we all like it so much, and we have had such good luck in getting things to put into it. We bought from one man four buffalo horns and two Dutch ovens. The ovens are like skillets, only they have legs on them and have iron covers. They are to set in the open fire instead of on a stove. We also bought a pair of old tongs to use about the open fire. Then we got from him a real Indian bow and arrow, an old sword, a cutlass, a gun and two candle snuffers. A gentleman is letting us keep for him his collection of old things, two swords, two guns, a wooden clock and an old table. We have a spinning wheel, a reel to wind the thread on, cards for carding flax or wool, a hackle, to break flax on, a shuttle that they used in weaving, candle molds and candle sticks and the best of all, an old rope bedstead. It is made of cherry wood, instead of slats and bed springs it has pegs



Sailing on Paw Paw Lake.





Looking across Paw Paw Lake.

set into the side and end pieces. We run the rope back and forth across the bed, hooking the rope over the pegs, then the mattress rests on this rope. We have nearly all the things we need to set up housekeeping in the log cabin except old dishes. Outside of the cabin we have a porch roof and under it we hung two ox yokes, a side saddle, a man's saddle, a scythe, a sickle and a rake. We want to get an old fashioned grain cradle, that was used to cut wheat and oats. Outside of the cabin, by the side of the chimney, we have the tank for soft water that is used in the bath room and all over the house. Papa fixed a windlass on the tank with a rope and "The Old Oaken Bucket That Hung in the Well." This made it look like a well at the end of the cabin.

We have had the fire lighted in the fireplace several times and when the wood burns and crackles and makes pretty firelight and we crack and eat hickory nuts and eat apples and Mama and Papa tell us stories, then we are about as happy as can be. We will get some pictures taken of the log cabin and then you can see for yourself how it looks.

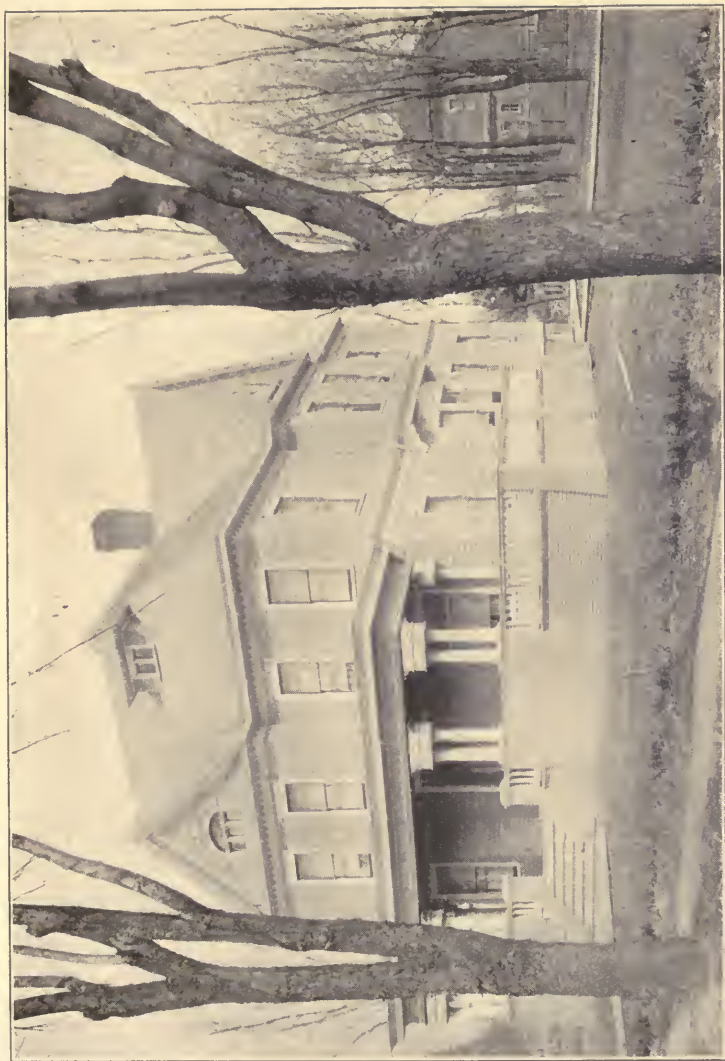
The cabin door has a wooden bar on the inside which has an iron bolt through it and through the door. There is a string tied to the bar and we can run the string through an auger hole that is in the door. When the string is out a person on the outside of the cabin can raise the bar or latch up out of its place and they can come in, but unless the latch string is out you cannot get in. Our latch string is always out to you or to any one who wants to see our cabin and our old curiosities.

My letter is finished. Good bye.

Your cousin,

HOWARD McCracken.

P. S.—Last Sunday at about two o'clock we were eating our dinner. Papa had just served our plates and we heard something fall in the upstairs hall. Papa went to see what it was. He came running down stairs and said, "It is fire." Mama went to the telephone and told Central to give the alarm. The fire whistle blew, and when it blows it excites the whole town because they know it means a fire and because it is the worst whistle you ever heard. It is called a siren



Before the Fire.

whistle. Our neighbors saw the smoke and knew of the fire before we did. By the time Papa came down stairs they were coming from every direction. The fire had started in the ceiling of the second story of the house or under the attic floor. We have not found out how it caught fire, some think there must have been a hole in the chimney and that the soot in the kitchen stove pipe burnt out. Others think that it started in the wall behind the cook stove. Papa and the neighbors attached our hose to the faucet in the basement and carried the other end of the hose to the attic. The attic was so full of smoke that they could not get in to save any of the old things. Papa turned the water on to the fire but the stream of water was too small to do any good. When the fire had spread over the roof he gave it up and came down. Mama and Grandma had opened our two sets of double doors at the front of the house. Four men picked up the piano and walked right out with it. Some more men picked up the dining table and carried it out with all the dishes and our dinner on it. Everybody says now that those big doors and the big sliding doors inside

of the house were a fine thing when the house got on fire. They had about all the furniture and goods out when the fire company came. The firemen had been told that it was our house that was on fire. The horses hitched to the Ladder wagon and Hose carts came on the run, the fireman hanging on as best they could. The bells on the wagon were clanging and everybody got out of the way. When the firemen turned on the water with the big hose they soon put out the fire and they left about six inches of water in our basement. The roof and attic all burned and the fire got down into the second story in four rooms and the hall. It also burned one wall in the kitchen.

There was a large crowd at the fire and they were sorry to see our new house burned, but Papa and Mama told them not to mind, that we could build another house and they were so glad that no one got hurt or burned. Grandpa saw me rolling on the grass and crying and he saw men running so he thought, "Oh, my, a child has been hurt." He said he was very glad when he saw it was only the house on fire. The house is badly damaged by fire and water. We have



After the Fire.

enough insurance to build it up again, so Papa or the Insurance Company will make it as good as ever. It will be about six months before we can move into it again because it is winter now and it will take a long time to fix it. We have rented a house across the street from our house and we are not in so bad a fix as some folks are when they have their homes burned.

We had company Friday evening before the fire and about fifty persons saw our log cabin that evening. We had six candles burning and the fire was burning in the fireplace. Everybody seemed pleased with the cabin and our old things. We are glad so many saw it before it was burned.

We feel badly about losing our cabin and the things we had in it and we are sorry that we did not get a picture of the cabin.

Papa says that he cannot afford to carry up five tons of stuff another time to build a cabin in the attic so he has begged an old log cabin of Uncle John and will have the logs brought in this winter, when the snow comes, and have a cabin built in the back yard. Then we will have a real log cabin instead of one that looks like a log cabin. We can

build a big chimney from the ground on the outside of the cabin and we can have vines growing up over the cabin. We will gather up old things again to put in it.

Good bye again,
Your Cousin,

HOWARD.

PICTURESQUE AMERICAN BIOGRAPHIES

"In John Paul Jones and Ethan Allen, Mr. Brown found two of the most picturesque figures in the life of the country, and he has shown himself able to deal with them as historical persons, without detracting anything from the romantic qualities of their individuality. He competes with historical fiction by developing the superior interest of the facts as they grew out of the life of his heroes and the life of their times. Few biographies intended for popular reading and the widest general circulation illustrates this same faculty of measuring statement and giving its governing value to fact while developing the picturesque and the romantic as it lies latent in history."—WILLIAM VINCENT BYARS in *The St. Louis Star*.

LIFE AND
DEEDS OF

ETHAN ALLEN

AND THE GREEN
MOUNTAIN BOYS

By Charles Walter Brown, H. M.

Author of "John Paul Jones," "Nathan Hale," "Lafayette," "Pulaski," "Washington," "Abraham Lincoln," "Sherman."

16 ILLUSTRATIONS

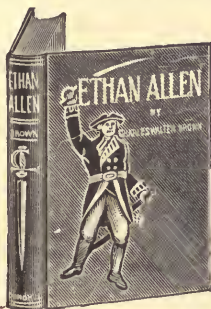
"It is the best 'life' of Ethan Allen published."—*Chicago Chronicle*.

"It abounds in incidents, anecdotes and adventures."—*Louisville Courier Journal*.

"It is a painstaking and accurate biography, possessing the fascination of romance."—*St. Louis Republic*.

"The account of the expedition into Canada and Allen's lamentable capture by the British, near Montreal, holds the reader's attention with all the force of a work of fiction."—*Chicago Journal*.

12mo, cloth, size 5½x7½, nearly 300 pages. Price, Postpaid.....\$1.00



LIFE AND
DEEDS OF

JOHN PAUL JONES

of NAVAL
FAME

By Charles Walter Brown, H. M.

12 ILLUSTRATIONS

"This book is a credit to any publishing house."—*Detroit Free Press*.

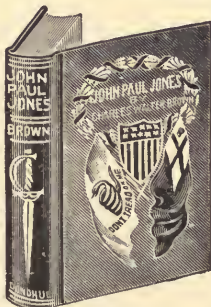
"The publication is a careful and commendable one."—*Chicago Journal*.

"The public will readily welcome this new and valuable biography of John Paul Jones."—*Indianapolis Sentinel*.

"Mr. Brown is a faithful biographer and historian, and has the happy knack of making his hero live again in the imagination of his host of readers."—*Literary Life, New York*.

Size, 5½x7½, nearly 300 pages; 12mo, cloth. Price, Postpaid.....\$1.00

This set of two volumes, "Allen" and "Jones" sent to one address, express paid, for.....\$1.25



M. A. DONOHUE & CO., 407-429 Dearborn Street
CHICAGO

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA

917.730441M137H

C001

HIDALGO AND HOME LIFE AT WEST LAWN CHIC



3 0112 025338465